IN NOVEMBER

BY THOMAS A. DALY

JUNE is sweet, for then I found thee;
But November, gray and cold,
Weaveth memories around thee
Spun of gold.

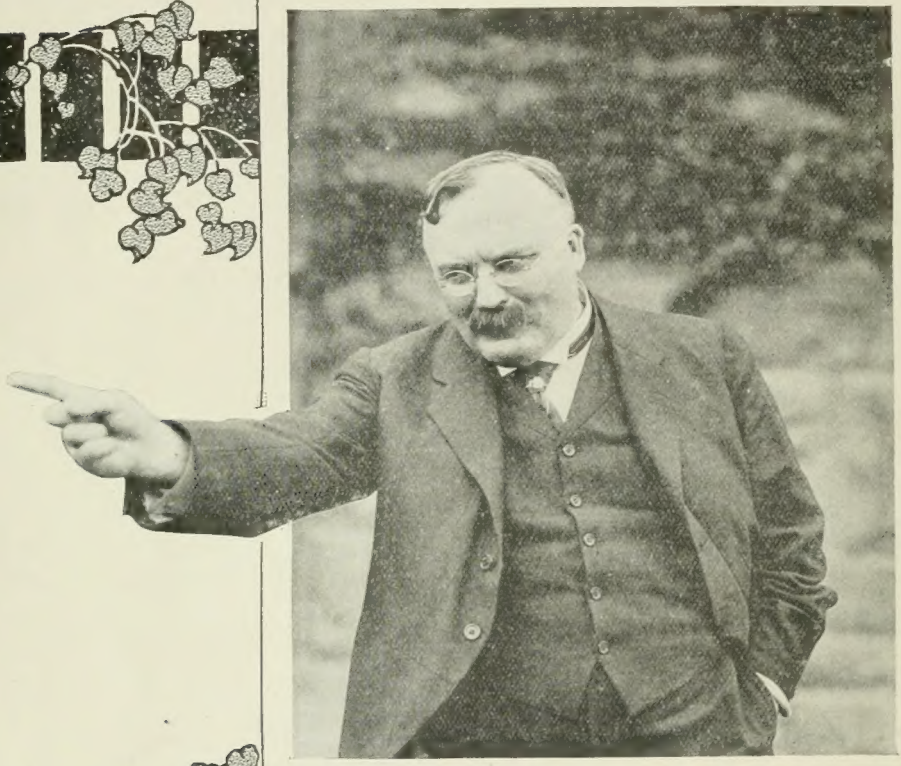
June a rose-time we remember,
Ere the boy became the man,
But, in earnest, with November
Life began.

Still I see thee, as we threaded
Gray woods under grayer skies;
Strange new hopes and fears were wedded
In thine eyes.

And when these had been translated
Into awed and reverent speech,
Stronglier then our souls were mated,
Each with each.

Deep with vernal promise laden,
As with buds the leafless wood,
Here was blossoming of the maiden—
Womanhood.

Rich the memories now that hover
'Round that day when life began,
And the lightheart boy, thy lover,
Was a man.



THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN HONOR AMONG THIEVES AND PROVES IT IN PRACTICE

Hon. W. J. Hanna, provincial secretary of Ontario, is replacing the time-honored prison system of his province by the humane and economical scheme of an open farm, free from cells, bolts, bars and armed guards, where the men are on their word of honor not to attempt to escape.

To accompany
"Making a Man of a Convict"
See page 3

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Making a Man of a Convict

By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

UNTIL two years ago the Canadian idea of punishing law-breakers was after a well-known recipe; herd them within a stone fence; brand their backs with a numbered patch; torture them with idleness or coax on insanity with unproductive labor; then smother the balance of their self-reliance with other highly-endorsed devices of a permanent menagerie.

This unnatural scheme of things had set more than one Canadian thinking. In a country where the constant nervous change in physical surroundings nourishes the reform idea incessantly, others than Hon. W. J. Hanna had written and preached a fine speculative revolution in the handling of the malefactor. One day the accident of politics placed the Sarnia lawyer in the cabinet position of Provincial Secretary of Ontario. He found a big bleak quadrangle called the Central Prison, crammed full of men, and acting as a soot collector for railway trains and factories crowding close against its walls. It didn't seem reasonable, or scientific, or economical, or humane, or even expedient. So he sat down for four years to think it over. And in four years he untangled the skein of wrongs drawn tight by four centuries.

As an attorney he knew well the human enigmas of a police court docket, had probed criminology as a pastime, had mixed with men as men, and focused his sunbeams into some radical conclusions. To-day he has two hundred and fifty acres of the finest agricultural land in Ontario set aside near Guelph as a principality of prisoners. Two hundred and fifty of his law-breaking population live there—two-thirds "first offenders," a few "repeaters," and many—a great many—"accidentals" of misfortune.

He has been in this prisoner business just a trifle over two years. He had as much neighborly prejudice to overcome and as many sour predictions to denaturize as the bold farmer from the backwoods who brings into the community its first automobile. It would have been easier and personally more comfortable to let things run as they were in Ontario. Stagnation has been the law of prison government from the

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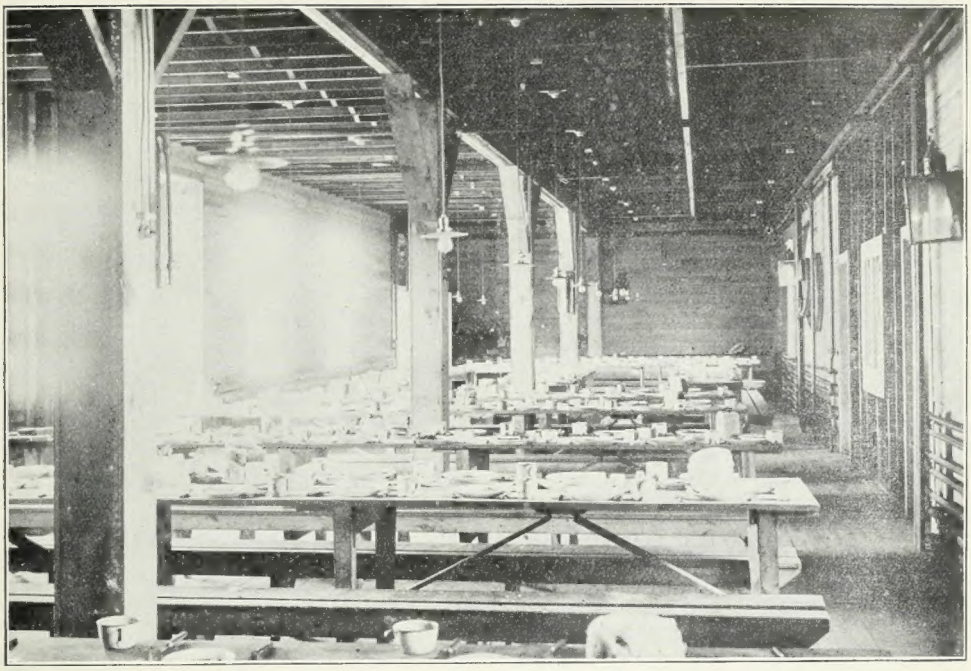
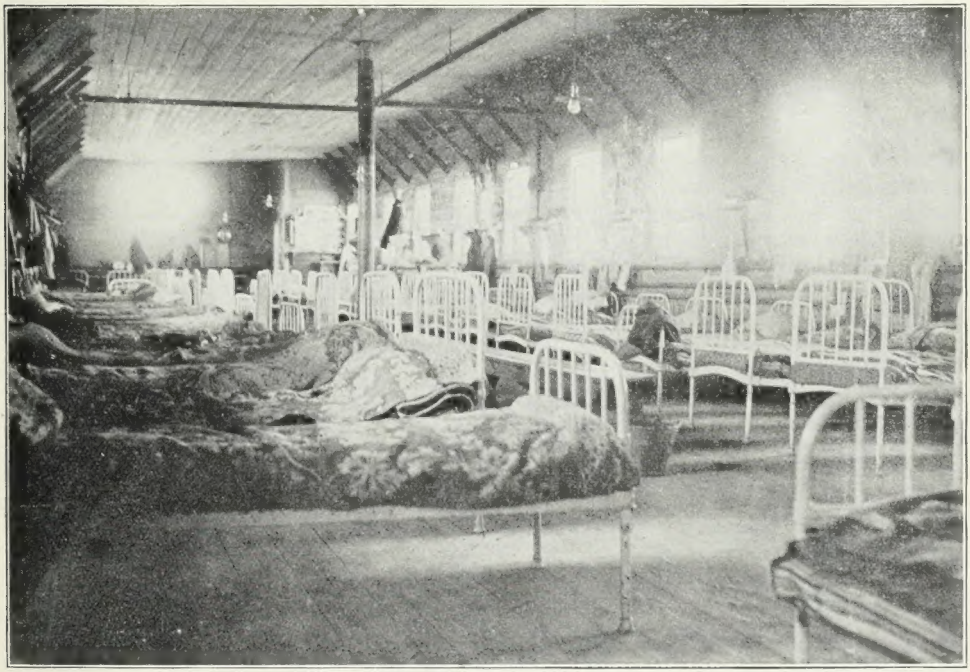
days of Babylon, and it was not greatly against anyone's conscience that it should continue for a couple of centuries more. Fortunately the disturber of jealous Tradition arrives with providential regularity; that may account for Lloyd George, for Roosevelt, for General Garcia, for Tolstoi, for Hanna, for Brutus, for Adam Beck, and some few others who have taken the stage before or after the fall of Carthage.

Hanna built his new "prison" without a wall. Patrolling sentries and muskets he left to Alexander Dumas and those modern followers who take pattern from his pages or his period. For padlocked cells he substituted individual unlocked rooms where a sight of the blue Canadian sky is not striped with black Canadian bars. For isolation he exchanged the fullest comradeship. His prisoners eat together, on decent tables, with decent utensils and clean white oilcloths. One luncheon I saw was cold roast beef, potatoes, tomatoes, white bread and tea. He replaced padlocks with each man's word of honor. There was nothing sentimental about that, as the reader will presently admit; Mr. Hanna is the last man to confuse common sense with maudlin philanthropy; his treatment of prisoners represents an exact balance of credulity and caution. The stale device of multiplying the number of chains and guards with the number of men imprisoned had no operation here. With several hundred now under the Government's care, only a half-dozen employes are used in their control, nor are they called "guards," but "supervisors" or "foremen". Upon every factor in the necessary machinery of such an institution the traditional prison hall-mark is erased as fully as possible, even to the extent of giving each man the right to wear his hair the way he pleases and to don overalls in place of the degrading uniform of the convict. In just such concessions to individual preferences, depends the efficacy of the reformed prison in

TEMPORARY BUILDINGS OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM AT GUELPH
It houses 250 prisoners and contains neither lock nor bar. The half dozen guards are without arms, not so much as a revolver being on the place



THE DINING ROOM IN THE TEMPORARY BUILDINGS OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM
The men enjoy their meals together, and abuse none of the extraordinary privileges of their captivity



THE TEMPORARY DORMITORY OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM
By night as well as by day, the sight of the blue sky is not chequered by black bars

bringing indiscreet or defiant men to look upon society as something better than a patrol wagon. These men at the Guelph prison farm are practically the first creatures of the walled-in world who can be expected to disagree with Jean Valjean who "condemned society and sentenced it—sentenced it to his hatred," a hatred that "reveals itself by a vague and incessant desire to injure some living being, it matters not who."

The Minister responsible for this breach of tradition in running a punitive institution is not a Utopian nor yet an apostle of "utter depravity," but a downright plain man who wears a slouch hat come rain or dukes. His farm is not a rest cure but a cure by test. If a prisoner leans overmuch on his hoe, he rides tandem for Toronto again to help break granite in the old jail yard. Whatever his radicalism, however, Mr. Hanna does not administer his magic medicine of freedom to the chronically criminal, for public opinion betrays little sympathy for the murderer or thug who might tearfully promise to "do better". Where crime strikes root again and again, it takes more than table salt to kill the growth. Hence, in its helplessness beneath the present handicaps of human faith and knowledge, public sentiment decrees that the creature who makes his living by violence has passed the mark of responsibility. The Guelph "experiment" recognizes these limitations upon its services and presses home the remedy as close to the source of wrongdoing as the age and disposition of the prisoner will admit.

The process at the start, in April, 1910, when two unarmed officers and fourteen men were quartered in a farm house, looked quite as simple and persuasive as the Golden Rule. And like the Golden Rule all men gave it credit, while few gave it practice. It is one thing to cry from the housetops "Give a man a second chance". It is entirely another to share that chance with your protege. Mr. Hanna staked his political future on the success of that Prison Farm. Had his estimate of the run of gold in human nature played him false, he might have needed his melodrama hat to hie him back to his constituents. Two years have tested his scheme. Many tributes have come to him from Prison Congresses in Alabama, and Bands of Hope in Newfoundland, but the real test is curled up in his office drawer, a bundle of letters from ex-prisoners and their friends who know whereof they speak, who know the effect and are frank about the cause, who know they entered prison anticipating the Slough of Despond but found therein—

Illustrating this new doctrine of criminal correction, which is destined to sweep aside the secondary prison system of all the Provinces of Canada, the writer had occasion in Chambers' Magazine recently to recount the story of John Inglis.

His crime was clearly in the list of accidentals. Employed on a lake steamer for his college vacation, he refused, one day, to accept the taunt of his comrades and joined a shore-going party with the result that he became violently drunk. Half crazed by his first indulgence, he returned to the steamer to obtain more funds and, finding none, came off with an officer's suit-case which he pawned, believing it to be his own. Arrest followed. His defence was flimsy and he went down to the Central Prison, Toronto, for six months. Such a "convict" was of course immediately chosen as a candidate for the Prison Farm. Upon his arrival he found to his amazement that, although freedom was to be restricted to certain areas for the period of his sentence, the idea of "restriction" received an elastic interpretation. The Warden, Dr. Gilmour, a manly and considerate director, took the young man aside.

"I want you to understand first of all that this place was built by the Government not to coop you up," said he, "but to help you make a man of yourself. If you have a sincere desire to take a square grip and make the best years of your life of benefit to you and your fellow men, we want to help you carry that out the best way we can. You will have to work hard and be obedient, but every hour will put you in better shape to face the world once more. I place you on your word of honor not to

SOME OF THE CATTLE FROM THE BARNS

This is one of the herds of Holsteins with which the prisoners conduct a highly successful dairy. They work on their own initiative and take a personal interest in the success of the farm

THE BARN AND STABLES OF THE PRISON FARM

Inside as well as outside, the buildings are up to date and managed on a scientific basis, and many a prisoner has taken his first lessons in practical farming here

escape, even though every opportunity invites you. Capture is practically certain and with it you never get another chance. I shall watch your progress personally, nor do I believe you will disappoint me."

Inglis did not disappoint. Assigned to work on a new concrete bridge over the River Speed, built entirely by the prisoners and much admired by Earl Grey and the Duke of Connaught on their visits, he applied himself with diligence and intelligence to his new duty. His surroundings were practically identical with those of the freest man in Canada. A "foreman" instructed him in the mixing of concrete and the manipulation of tools. It was perspiring, back-bending work, but conducted with the camaraderie that helps the hours pass like lightning. Twelve o'clock brought the signal for luncheon. The men formed in line and marched off to the dining hall, where they feasted as well as the best fed farm-laborer in the land. Then a group of four, unattended, shouldered their axes and struck off for a patch of woods half a mile distant, where post cutting was in progress. Five others found a new assignment in straightening out a bend in the river regarded as unconducive to the æsthetic standards of the Farm. Many were needed for the quarry and a corporal's guard manned the lime kiln. A good-tempered fraternity departed for some newly-planned highway. The fine Holstein herds required attention. The dairy took a foreman and five. Two were sent with horse and wagon to repair some broken fencing, and gave a lift to a comrade bound for town to replace a piece of damaged machinery. Such a disposition of two hundred men would read in the annals of twenty-five years ago as the order of a public maniac.

Inglis, in common with fully fifty per cent. of his comrades that month, gained his first actual acquaintance with physical labor and tasted of the stimulation derivable from a productive undertaking. It is essential to point out that in the ranks of men on the Farm only a minor percentage had ever gained their living from labor of any kind, trusting to an inherited or cultivated instinct of mendicancy to cause the miracle of bread and butter. This is more broadly true of the prisoners in the jails and district prisons than of the penitentiaries. It is likewise a demonstrated truth that ninety-five per cent. of the roll-call at Guelph met their disgrace through strong drink.

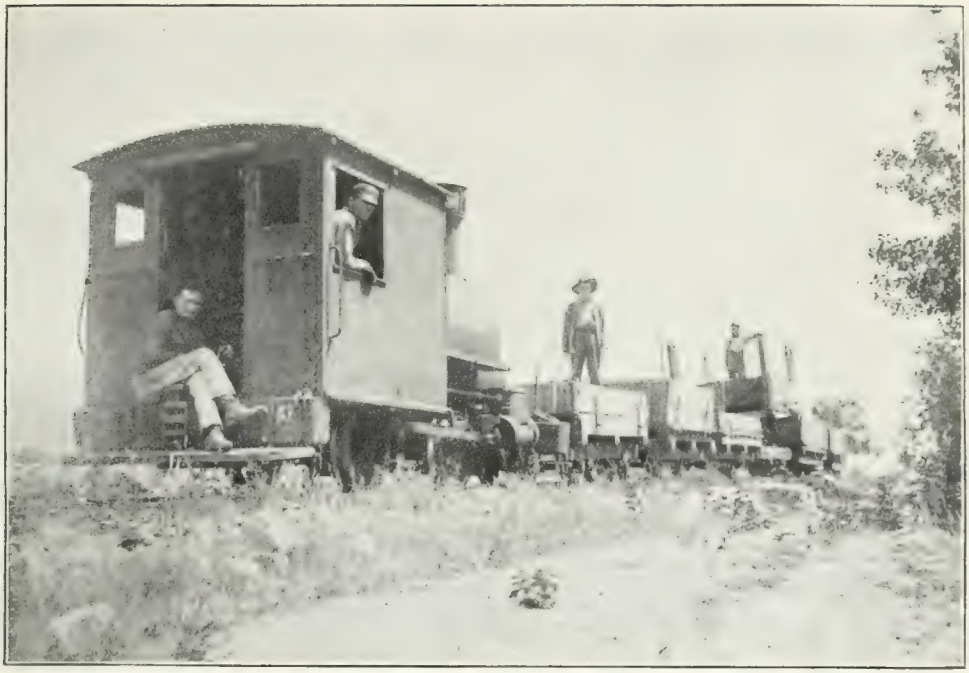
In the three months of his life on the Prison Farm, the young student grew robust, tan-cheeked and physically wholesome. He was in what a physical director would have called "the pink of condition". Upon the last day of his term Warden Gilmour provided him with a ticket to a distant town and wished him well with these words:

"I am not sending you to the town you came from, nor to your father's home, for that is too often a stumbling block to the future. When you are given employment, better tell your boss where you came from. Be frank with him, because sooner or later some one finds out these disagreeable secrets and tells them to your employer, who may regard you as a deceiver. You will find that the average boss respects your confidence and you will be the gainer thereby."

Inglis is to-day the proprietor of a respectable business in the Southern States and has been nominated by his fellow townsmen for a place on the municipal council.

Were the Provincial Secretary of Ontario inclined to boast, he might very easily offer a substantial reward for the duplication in any old-fashioned prison of such occurrences as I am about to relate.

A man of thirty years, whose residence in his native town had been a source of police worry, fastening upon himself the distinction of a professional loafer, took an extra liberty with the law and was awarded a two-month sentence. The officer in charge of the Prison Farm gave him a special job, beautifying a portion of the river bank. Though at first mulish, he quickly evinced a curious pride in his undertaking and when compelled to relinquish it by the expiration of his



A CONVICT-MANAGED RAILWAY IN OPERATION
The Prison Farm uses a railway system extending over two and a half miles for stone transportation, on which prisoners act engineer, fireman and brakeman

term was far from jubilant to regain his liberty. Spying Mr. Hanna coming along a path, he accosted him thus:

"I hope you'll see that a good man is placed on this river job. It has been a tough piece of work, sir, and I wouldn't like to hear of it being spoiled."

It was probably the first confession of any interest or ambition that the poor fellow had ever made. The Minister gave him a ready assurance, for to his keen divination the incident was crammed full of significance.

One day a vigorous young Scotchman, who had seen more fortunes in Cobalt's whiskey-thirst than its silver crop took up residence with the Farm Colony on a twelve months' conviction for running a "blind" saloon. Back in Scotland he had known horses from the whinney to the hoof and quickly was promoted to full charge of the stables. A serious illness threatened a thoroughbred Clyde, and fearing to lose the animal, the prisoner reported the case to an officer, requesting permission to remain with the beast that night until it gave signs of improvement. His skill ultimately saved its life. So earnestly did he apply himself that upon the expiration of his sentence, the Government retained him in charge of the stables at good remuneration.

It was late in the afternoon when the ground work of a bridge was completed and all that remained was to "run" the cement. "What will we do, boys," asked the foreman, "start now or leave it till to-morrow?"

"Start now," replied the "boys," and not until midnight had come were they willing to lay down their tools; and then only because the work was finished.

Working like Trojans within a hundred feet of a common highway, dressed in workmen's clothes, and no guard nearer than half a mile, I spied one morning five wood-cutters, hewing their way through a body of cedars. One or two were French Canadians, and, as I passed by, a gigantic fellow strode off to an open space with a whole poplar trunk on his shoulder. "Where's the foreman?" I asked. "Hasn't been here all morning," came the answer. And with an average of eight months to

serve, they worked away through the perspiring hours. I saw them all at supper table that night; they were holding out their plates for a second helping of beans.

Playing ball is not a new entertainment in Canadian prisons except that in the old days, the rules required it to be made of iron and riveted to an ankle; under the new dispensation in Ontario it is of leather stuffings and passes from hand to hand. The new way is said to give more satisfaction. "Slim," the prison's negro "josher," was helping to keep the fifth innings in white hot excitement, his comments being greeted by the prisoner-players with continual laughter.

"If you bring in those runs I'll give you the rest of your time," yelled Slim. "If he connects with that you'll see a sensation." "I feel as bad as anybody about it"—when the runs were piling up against his side. "It's not too dark to catch that ball. Why, it wasn't too dark for you to take the sandwich they sent you down six months for."

From first to last not a "cuss word" was spoken. It is against the rules, of course, but so it is on a league diamond. An officer standing by would probably have ordered an offender to the bench; but he had no need to. Self-control on the Guelph "experiment," you see, starts at the little things, where the starting is good.

It was getting dusk and the score was a tie, but Slim persisted that they should play it out. An officer glanced at his watch—eight-thirty. His whistle quickly brought the men into line, and at a command they marched quietly to the dormitories.

That night two men took guard over two hundred and fifty prisoners. They hadn't even a broomstick for a weapon; I am told there is actually not a firearm on the eight hundred acres. Every window was wide open and without a bar. At five o'clock the man who had blown the whistle the night before, entered.

"All up, men!"

And from every cot arose a prisoner. None missing.

Such is the Experiment!

The human side of a Government's work, like improving the race of men, is accepted by the taxpayer with the same grace of heart as an architect's bill for extras. Here, however, is a prison that is a money-maker—in the sense that it has saved an enormous percentage of the former prison costs and pays in addition the best dividend that society could ask—the conservation of men. Under the old system—in vogue in practically every province of the Dominion to-day—the forbidding hand of unionized labor has made it impossible to give inmates employment at many tasks resulting in a saleable product. For twenty years in Ontario, the convicts were hired out in gangs at a price to the Government of fifty cents per man per day; every contractor with one exception went into insolvency for the reason that the hang-dog efforts of the prisoners under the shot-gun regime made them worth about thirteen cents short of the fifty.

One day I was watching the perspiring "boys" of the prison farm at Guelph returning from their day's labors, and asked an officer:

"How do you estimate these men's earning power?"

"They do more work and better work than any hundred men at two dollars a day who could be hired in the free market," was his reply.

Self-maintenance goes hand in hand with the "productive idea". Years ago, when the "coop" became full of men—active, red-blooded men who mostly required a new compass—regulation jailers locked them in a cell all day long to impress the idea of "punishment". The prisoner suffered much, but society itself was the inevitable victim. Physical and mental degradation crept in the steps of idleness; Insanity became the jailor's turnkey. When prison terms expired, an anæmic creature was loosed into the world without knowledge or desire or power of labor. That was somebody's bright idea of criminal regeneration. Then followed the age of "fake" labor, the shot drill, the loaded crank, when men perspired for perspiration's sake. Better counsels have prevailed. The world has repudiated the barbaric thought that the man who breaks the

law forfeits his right to a decent future. It is bad economy, it is expensive and inconvenient, although of course it is the way of the Saxon mind to mask those phases by its "uncharitableness." So Ontario, out of all the Provinces, took the matter up experimentally—without much precedent and no skilled advice. Ohio has an institution at Mansfield along somewhat similar lines, with this marked difference that the Ohio prison contains cells for a proportion of its inmates; there are no cells at Guelph and never will be. Ohio deals with long-term men; Ontario is restricted to prisoners averaging only seven months' detention, a much more difficult class to inspire with the reform idea.

The substantial results on the property itself have had only two years to develop. They have already redeemed a swampy uncouth stretch of valley into an area that would be any farmer's pride and profit. They have built with very little instruction a magnificent concrete bridge across the River Speed and have transformed long stretches of bog into the finest macadam highway. They manage an orchard of a thousand fruit trees and a herd of one hundred and twenty-five Holstein cows, plus a fine dairy. They have developed two quarries for building stone and crushed stone and keep a lime-kiln and a hydrated lime plant at full capacity. They turn out quantities of structural tiles for concrete and run a railway two-and-a half miles in length for transporting quarry material. The road is manned by prisoners entirely, has a locomotive and eight cars on a narrow-gauge track and holds the international record for freedom from collisions. No attempt is made to teach trades owing partly to the brevity of the sentences, nor to conduct a spiritual reformatory by any application of religious doctrine.

Upon his basis of experience and knowledge the argument holds firm. But the Guelph experiment has shown the grandsire's experience and knowledge to be a borrowed fallacy. Law-breaking is not leprosy and eternal isolation is not its cure. Indeed, law-breaking and imprisonment are in hundreds of cases just a puny little matter of the difference in magistrates or the digestion of even one magistrate. There are cases on record in the Toronto Police Court where men found guilty of heinous crimes have gone from the court-room chuckling at their insignificant sentence; others who have trespassed the statute books more out of carelessness or ignorance have suffered ignominy through two years of jailing. So I say it is often a matter of a magistrate's liver whether scores of men and women retain their status as citizens or take the road for disgrace, dragging their relatives after them. To bring that grandsire's traditional suspicion to a peaceful conclusion, I would say this:

"The men who serve their sentences on the Guelph Prison Farm do not come back. The percentage of "repeaters" is not one-quarter that associated with the history of the old-fashioned prison. Only a small fraction indeed ever come to the notice of the Canadian prison authorities—and it is usually as a strong vindication of the Farm and its policy. Former prisoners who make good in the world seldom care to advertise the ladder by which they climbed, but enough positive cases are known to the Provincial Secretary to thoroughly convince him that his procedure has been upon a scientifically solid foundation; further the most sentimental thought on earth is that prison men are fore-ordained to be vicious, and the most practical thought is that law-breakers are better redeemed than exterminated. Is it not almost a discovery in human psychology that those entrusted with the fullest opportunities to escape have actually constituted themselves their own jealous guardians, have frowned upon the suggestions of "bolting" as treason against their republic, have upheld their words of honor by an almost unbroken record, and have kept the Government's co-operative bond with them free from violation.

That, I contend, is a rather fair-sized attainment to rest on the shoulders of one Canadian.

A Kind of Half Engagement to Ellen

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

"IT isn't as if we had ever given them the slightest grounds for supposing that we wanted to," said Ellen a trifle vaguely She had turned away from Charles and was tying a knot in the hammock-rope to make it higher.

"They know mighty well we don't want to!" said Charles bitterly. He was so bitter that his heel had knocked a considerable hole in the grass and so occupied that he was not looking Ellen's way at all. There was a painful pause.

"I want to end it," said Ellen suddenly. Her back was still towards Charles, necessarily, because she was thumping the hammock-cushions into shape, but the ring in her voice was no less determined on that account. At the sound of it Charles left off kicking the grass and turned around abruptly.

"Oh——I say!" He stammered. His face was very red.

"If you are thinking of the money, Charles——"

"Ellen!"

"I say *if* you are thinking of your uncle's money I can see a way out of that. It's a way I've often read about. You propose to me and I'll refuse you and then you'll go and tell your uncle that I won't have you. It works beautifully in books. You see he can't be nasty about the money if it's my fault and not yours——stop spoiling the grass!"

"Yes, Ellen, but——say, it *is* a scheme, isn't it? Only I——I don't half like it either. What book was it in?"

"Oh, I don't know, lots. It's quite common."

"But uncle's a great reader, you know."

"It wouldn't be in the books he reads, silly."

"But it's caddish! Don't you think it's caddish, Ellen?"

"It all depends on the way you do it. Don't be so self-conscious. Treat it as a matter of business. It's not as if I were in love with you, you know."

"Oh——well, if you're truly in earnest——"

"I truly am. Hurry up!"

'Don't get me excited. I say if you are truly in earnest, I'll do it. Ready now! I have the honor, Ellen, of asking you to marry me."

Ellen, whose hurry seemed suddenly to have departed, adjusted her nicely punched-up pillows comfortably and settled herself among them. Her serene gaze rested thoughtfully upon his flushed face.

"I was not expecting this, Mr. Meredith," she said. "And in a matter of such importance I feel that I must have time. I will consult my mother and let you know in a week's time." Then, seeing the blank dismay on the too-eloquent face before her,

her laugh rang out. "On second thoughts," she added, "I see no reason for hesitation. I appreciate the honor but nothing in the world would induce me to marry you."

This should have been altogether satisfactory, yet the rejected suitor gave way to sulkiness.

"You're pretty strong about it," he complained. "And anyway I feel like a cad——"

Ellen, swaying in the hammock and helping out its swinging with an occasional push with the toe of a pretty slipper, had evidently no intention of helping out Charles.

"Besides," he went on, after a futile pause, "Uncle will be sure to see through it, you know. By rights, you ought to have a prior attachment, and——"

"I have a prior attachment," said Ellen.

"What !"

Ellen pushed the hammock daintily. Charles had turned quite around now but Ellen's gaze was far-off. She didn't seem to notice him.

"Uncle would guess if we said it and it wasn't so," said Charles more calmly.

"It *is* so." The hammock was swinging nicely now.

"You're not in earnest, Ellie ?"

"I am quite in earnest. If I cannot marry the man I love I shall marry no one else. You may tell your uncle that. I think he will understand."

There was a pause, then Charles rose stiffly.

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to be said. I *might* say that I cannot think you have treated me fairly. I might say that you have not dealt fairly by either your mother or my uncle, or myself——"

"You mentioned yourself before."

"In allowing us to suppose——to suppose——"

"Oh come," laughed Ellen, "I couldn't refuse you before you proposed, could I ? Hadn't you better go and settle matters with your uncle ?"

"I am going, Ellen," gloomily. "You don't mean that you have gone and engaged yourself to that idiot Manners ?"

"*Mr.* Manners," corrected Ellen softly.

"Because if you have—of course it's no business of mine——but I'm awfully sorry for you if you've done that, Ellen."

Ellen, whose eyes had been fixed upon the strip of river showing between the trees, sat up suddenly and waved her hand to a young man in flannels paddling a canoe. When he had passed, "What did you say, Charlie ?" she asked sweetly.

"O, nothing. I know it's none of my business but when a man has been like a brother to a girl for years he might expect to have his advice listened to."

"I'm listening," placidly, "but wouldn't another time do, brother ?"

"That's you ! Make fun of everything. But I want to tell you right now that Manners——" But the arrival of the young man in flannels (who happened to be Mr. Manners himself) made further admonition impossible.

"So sorry you have to go, Charlie," said Ellen. "Don't bang the gate. The hinge is broken."

Charles Meredith closed the gate gently with all due regard for its broken hinge. Once out on the road he drew a long breath. It was a breath of relief, naturally. He was relieved, very much relieved, so relieved that he found it hard to realize his relief and felt almost as if he were not relieved at all. This is a phenomenon which occurs, he assured himself, in all strong emotions. He was free. It was worth a little annoyance to be perfectly free, free as he never could have been as long as that half-taken-for-granted engagement had bound him to Ellen. All the same, Ellen had not acted nicely ! Her saying that nothing on earth could induce her to marry him had been almost rude. Poor Ellen ! If she were really in earnest about Manners, he felt so sorry for her. Strange that a really nice girl, like Ellen, could be attracted by a young puppy, like Manners !

Reaching his own gate he banged it viciously as he went through.

Of course it was easy, now, to see through her anxiety for a final settlement. She wanted to be free to engage

herself to that brainless fool. Well, if she wanted her freedom, he, Charles, would not be the man to hold her. He wanted no unwilling bride. She had bidden him tell his uncle. He would do so at once and settle it forever. Since she was in such a hurry. Perhaps she would be sorry when——he caught himself up sharply. Of course she would not be sorry any more than he would be. People aren't sorry when they do not love each other.

Anthony Meredith, reading in his cool study, glanced up with an expression of bored civility at the entrance of his nephew, hot, dusty and cross.

"It's as hot as blazes !" said Charles, mopping his face.

"Is it ?" Politely. "I had not noticed it. But you do appear warm. You have been upon the river ?"

"No, I haven't." Triumphantly. "I have been over calling on Ellen."

The civilly-bored expression gave place to one of real interest.

"That's right. How is Ellen ?"

"Oh, perfectly all right, I should say. Able to refuse me in splendid form anyway."

(There was a certain satisfaction in the dealing of the blow—no half-way measure—straight from the shoulder.)

"Oh, wouldn't have you, eh ?" Anthony Meredith's voice was quite unshaken. But perhaps, being a little dried-up man who had lived a very full life, he had become used to receiving blows quietly. Perhaps also, at sixty, one recovers a little from the surprisingness of things. At any rate he did not appear surprised even when his nephew's tone reproached him for the refusal of Ellen. Instead he leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully through the open window.

"What did you say to her ?" he asked judicially, after a pause.

"Say ? What did I say ? I don't know. I asked her to marry me, of course." The growing sense of an injury which he could not name was causing Charles to splutter.

"And she said ?"

"Said she wouldn't." Snappishly.

"Is that all she said ?"

"No. She said she wouldn't marry me for anything in the world."

The shadow of a smile appeared around Uncle Anthony's dried-up lips. "Ah ! that sounds more like Ellen ! Anything else ?"

"She said, at least she intimated, a—a prior attachment."

"Dear me ! She intimated that, did she ?" Anthony Meredith got up rather quickly and crossed over to the window, presumably to lower the blind. When he turned again his face was as dried-up and impassive as usual.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry, Charlie. But I expect you waited too long. It's Manners, of course ? Nice chap, Manners !"

"A perfect idiot !"

"Nonsense, not at all. A little too handsome to be a man's man. But looks tell with the ladies. He has money, too, and position. Our little Ellen will quite blossom out. She is a lovely girl——a singularly lovely girl ——" he broke off absently and for a moment there was silence in the room. "Well, it can't be helped. I don't blame you, Charles. With a chap like Manners in the field——"

"Puppy !"

"Eh ! Were you addressing me ?"

"I say that Manners is nothing but a conceited puppy !"

"Oh ! naturally. And yet I have imagined lately that you were rather attracted in another direction——a Miss Miller, isn't it ? The little girl with the black pompadour ?"

"I have a great esteem for Miss Miller," said Charles stiffly.

"Well, Charles, if you care for her—I'm not going to be disagreeable. She is not my style but of course you know that. Suppose that her exceeding newness sometimes jars. You ought to be a better judge than I——you don't think that she is a little——a little——er——"

"Not at all," said Charles stoutly, "all nice girls are like that now. Manners are more unconventional than they used to be."

"Oh, unconventional ? Very well. I only want you to understand that you are quite free in the matter. When Miss Miller comes here as your wife she will be welcomed as becomes the lady who is to take

your mother's place. But there will be changes, naturally. We must be prepared for that." The sigh in the would-be-cheerful tones awoke in Charles a vague disquiet.

"I do not see that any change is necessary," he said uncomfortably.

"Don't make that mistake, my boy. This lady has not been accustomed to the quiet life we live. We must prepare to be more lively. For instance she will certainly expect to have the house done over."

Charles' vague disquiet grew with his growing surprise at this benevolent attitude. He became conscious of a feeling that benevolence can be carried to extremes.

"Do the house over—not much! It's too jolly comfortable as it is," he declared vigorously. "Why it's the finest house in the county. I won't have it touched."

Uncle Anthony shook his head smilingly. There appeared to be a touch of pity in the smile.

"I like to hear you say it," he replied, "but——well, these are early days to worry. And now, I am really very busy——"

But when the door had closed behind his nephew, Anthony Meredith did not turn immediately to his book. Instead he stood for a moment toying with the window-blind and suddenly his grim face softened, smiled and wrinkled into a noiseless laugh. He had caught sight of Charles, hump-shouldered and depressed, going slowly in the direction of the river path.

"Clever girl, Ellen!" he informed the window-blind. "Remarkably clever girl!"

Meanwhile Charles of the hump-shoulders and depressed spirit was pushing out his row-boat, seriously disturbed in mind. He knew that he was not feeling as he ought to feel but, though quite well aware of what his proper state of feeling should be, he did not seem able to feel that way.

"Something has to always spoil everything!" he remarked gloomily with a vicious tug at the boat. Yesterday he had looked forward to to-day's hour upon the river with Lida (she had permitted him to drop the "Miss Miller") with feelings of unalloyed delight and the inexplicable change in his mental attitude was most annoying. He didn't understand it. Why, when he ought to have been blissfully and superlatively happy, did he feel merely apprehensive? He, who had chafed so restlessly under that kind-of-half-engagement to Ellen, was free. He, who had so dreaded his uncle's frown (though as a last resort prepared to defy it in Lida's cause) was assured of his uncle's blessing and sympathy (hang his sympathy!). In other words the course of true love had been miraculously smoothed——and he didn't feel even grateful.

Of course it was wonderful to think that to-day, this very afternoon he might ask Lida to marry him! The realization came to him so suddenly that he dropped one of the boat cushions into the water and had to fish it out with the help of a few emphatic words. Not that he really contemplated so prompt a seizing of happiness. He was not, he assured himself, altogether selfish and was prepared to have some regard for his uncle's feelings—and Ellen's. True, his uncle had expressed his willingness to approve and Ellen had shown clearly that his fate was nothing to her—still the old conviction that his engagement to Miss Miller would mortally hurt both of them was not to be lightly shaken off.

He decided that it would be quite out of the question to ask Lida to marry him to-day and this decision (from its very unselfishness) made him feel better. Dear little Lida! "The little girl with the black pompadour!" How horrid Uncle Anthony could be at times! It was just like him to fix upon the point, the *one* point, in Lida's appearance which was not quite—he wondered dimly what it was that made Lida's pompadour look different from other ladies' pompadours—Ellen's, for instance? When he and Lida were married he would ask her to dress her hair a little lower and not quite so broadly and puffily. But it must be quite a while, quite a long while,

before he spoke of marriage. On account of the feelings of his uncle—and Ellen!

This piece of self-denial brought its own reward in a sudden lifting of his gloom. He was almost himself again when he shot his boat in to Lida's mother's landing.

Lida was there, waiting, pouting delightfully because he was late.

"I've a good mind not to go, now, Mr. Laggard," said Lida.

"It *is* hot," agreed Charles, quite unexpectedly, even to himself, "If another afternoon——?"

Lida's pout disappeared as if by magic. "Oh well, I won't be hard on you. I suppose Uncle Anthony kept you?"

"We had a talk," began Charles, and then he stopped. He felt no desire to tell Lida about the talk; a fact which she noticed almost before he did. "They've had it out!" she said to herself quickly but what "it" was she did not specify, for Lida was supposed to be quite innocent of any knowledge concerning the kind-of-half-engagement to Ellen. She settled herself in the boat with a contented flutter.

"Your cousin, Ellen Ogden, went down the river just now with Jack Manners," she informed him, carelessly. "Say, his new canoe is a stunner! Its name is the Helen of Troy—crazy name for a canoe—but I suppose it's as near as he dared to go." She laughed.

"I don't think I quite understand." Charles was pulling very hard for so hot a day.

"Why, Helen—Ellen, stupid! Oh, look out! You nearly ran into that stump."

Stumps were a common occurrence in the river so it could hardly have been the stump which made Charles look so cross. "I wish you wouldn't say such things, Lida," he said. "I don't suppose Manners had the faintest idea of naming his canoe after Ellen. He hasn't the shadow of a right to do it."

Miss Miller made round eyes. "Oh, hasn't he? Why, I thought——" But if she hoped that he would ask her what she thought she was disappointed.

"If you row so fast you will catch up with them, and we don't want to do *that*, do we?" Miss Miller's inflexion was flattering and at the gentle insinuation of their sufficiency for each other Charles felt himself glow—at least he thought he felt himself glow—that is, he knew he ought to have glowed, but, as a matter of fact, nothing seemed to be quite what it ought to be to-day. Also, he became aware with something like a start that he had actually been trying to overtake Ellen and Manners, was trying to overtake them now! Once around the bend just beyond Uncle Anthony's landing and they would surely be in sight——

"Ho! Charles."

At the call Lida sat up straighter, fluttering."

"O Charles," she exclaimed with undisguised delight. "It's your uncle Anthony calling you."

"But we don't want to stop now. We——"

"Oh, yes, we do, Charlie—please. I want to get to know your uncle, because ——" Lida blushingly stopped herself in prettiest confusion. Charles turned the boat into the bank with a baffled jerk.

"Isn't it very warm upon the river?" asked Uncle Anthony blandly. "How do you do, Miss Miller? Miss Miller looks quite warm, Charles. Won't you come up to the house and have something cool?"

"So kind of you, Mr. Meredith," murmured Lida. She was really overjoyed for hitherto Uncle Anthony had been so decidedly cool himself that the inappropriateness of cooling drinks would have struck the most unobserving. "It *is* hot, don't you think so, Charlie?"

Charlie thought that it had suddenly grown several degrees hotter, especially as he read in his uncle's amused smile a ready appreciation of Lida's attitude.

"Ellen and Mr. Manners wouldn't stay though I asked them," continued Uncle Anthony cheerfully. "I told them to look out for sun-stroke. Really, I feel like a benevolent society, or life

"OH, YES, WE WANT TO STOP, CHARLIE — PLEASE. I WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOUR UNCLE, BECAUSE — ."
IDA BLUSHINGLY STOPPED HERSELF IN PRETTIEST CONFUSION, AND CHARLES
TURNED THE BOAT INTO THE BANK WITH A BAFFLED JERK

saving station or something of that nature."

Lida's laugh rang out, a little shrilly. She was nervous and that helped the shrillness or perhaps Charles' bad humor helped him to notice it. "I wish she wouldn't laugh like that," he thought involuntarily and then, with an inward qualm, "She'll be calling me 'Charlie' when Ellen's around sometime." And he felt angry with himself because of the qualm.

"You have such a dear, delightful place here, Mr. Meredith," Lida was saying. "I am sure you must love it very, very much." Lida had a girlish manner of which she was not a little proud.

"One is naturally attached to one's home," said Uncle Anthony placidly. "But don't you find it a trifle old-fashioned—a little bit behind the times—eh? Charles glanced at his uncle in angry amazement at the deprecating tone.

"Oh, well, of course a little freshening would do wonders," agreed Lida, pausing nevertheless with a little gesture of delight as the white of the long balcony appeared through the trees.

Uncle Anthony nodded. "Yes—it's pretty!" he said, but still there was a doubtful note in his praise.

"With a little of the timber down, another terrace and a summer-house or two it would be perfect," went on Lida, reading encouragement in his eyes. "Did you never think of a river pagoda down by the landing——" Something in Charles' face stopped her, reminding her that it might be unwise to betray how thoroughly she had "thought out" devices for improving the Meredith estate.

"You mean a pagoda like that the Ramond-Forbes have put up?" enquired Uncle Anthony, much interested. "It would certainly be a change, wouldn't it? And young folk like changes! We older folk do not progress I'm afraid, but we must not be selfish." He smiled indulgently. Lida, much tempted, cast another quick glance at Charles, but his face was turned away. "I don't really see why Charlie has been making such an ogre out of this pleasant old gentleman," she thought.

"Young eyes—young eyes!" went on Uncle Anthony. "No doubt they see much that wants doing in an old place like this, outside and in."

"Old places are quite perfect," said Lida, "with a little freshening up, you know. What charming effects one sees nowadays. Have you been inside the Howards' new place up the river? It's a dream, really."

"Nightmare!" said Charles with the force of sudden explosion. "Junk-shop!"

Miss Miller was unpleasantly startled.

"Oh, don't mind him!" laughed Uncle Anthony, "Charles hasn't any taste. He wasn't educated for a house-decorator." He smiled at Lida and she, who at no time was gifted with great penetration, smiled back. "Charlie has been making difficulties," she thought, "I shall be able to do anything I like with this kind old thing."

"The Howard mansion certainly surpasses anything within a reasonable radius," went on the kind old thing. "But the doing over of an old house like this would be a different matter, more difficult—calling for more courage, don't you think?"

Lida pursed her lips thoughtfully, her eyes questioning Charles. She was afraid Charles wasn't enjoying the conversation. And yet on the other hand she might be sorry some day if she didn't take her chance as it came and plant a few of her long-cherished ideas in Uncle Anthony's receptive mind. It would be easy enough to soothe Charlie down afterwards.

"Oh—courage!" she said. "Naturally one must have courage. In refurnishing for instance, in an old place it is necessary to make a clean sweep of all the old rubbish. Get the house practically empty. It pays in the end. It's a fatal mistake to mix—you're sure to ruin your initial scheme and——"

Charles rose with a murmured apology and disappeared into the house.

"Gone to get some more lemonade," explained Uncle Anthony cheerfully.

"OH, EILEN!" HE SAID, AND NEXT MOMENT HE WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES UPON THE VERY SPOT WHERE HIS HEEL HAD KICKED A HOLE THAT MORNING. "HAVE YOU ANY USE FOR A FOOL?"

"Now in regard to the long drawing-room, just on the spur of the moment of course, what do you think ? You don't mind freshening up an old man's ideas I'm sure ?"

Lida didn't mind at all and so occupied did she become in setting out her fancies in the fertile soil of Uncle Anthony's unprotesting mind that she quite forgot to notice that Charles was absent a very long time and that when he returned (without the lemonade) it was so late that nothing but immediate departure could be thought of.

Uncle Anthony handed her into the boat with regretful gallantry. "Really Charles," he said," Miss Miller's ideas are most stimulating. I begin to think that I am not such a hopeless old fogie after all. I hope to see you here again very soon, Miss Miller. Your idea about the throwing out of a bay window in the library—What did you say, Charles ?"

"Nothing—jammed my hand in the oar lock ! I may not be home for dinner to-night, sir."

Uncle Anthony smiled his indulgent smile and Lida blushed prettily. The boat shot out.

"The cheek of some people !" said Lida laughing. "Inviting yourself to dinner in that way."

"Eh ! Oh, I wasn't going to do that. I referred to another engagement."

Lida's face clouded. There was something in his tone which she did not like.

"If it's not a very important engagement perhaps you can break it," she suggested kindly.

"Sorry, but I couldn't possibly break it." Charles was not even looking at her.

"Well, don't upset us !" Lida's tone was sharp. She felt chilled and uncomfortable and was beginning to be strangely distrustful of her afternoon's pleasure. Charles was not proving as easy to "soothe" as she had expected. Could she have been foolish in following old Mr. Meredith's lead so openly ? With a noticeable lack of her usual self-confidence she tried again.

"Can't you stay, if I ask you—Charles ?"

"No, really, Lida, I can't. It's important. Thank you just the same." Charles was rowing very hard and his spirits had noticeably improved. He smiled at her. "You see I'm rather late for my engagement as it is—a few years late."

"Whatever do you mean ?" Lida's tone was fretful. But Charles only laughed and rowed a little faster. In fact so great was his hurry that he had not time to say good-bye more than once when the landing stage was finally reached. Not a word about a ride or row to-morrow, not an appointment of any kind.

"Whatever is the matter with him ?" asked Lida's mother with frank curiosity ! Have you quarrelled ?"

"Oh——*quarrelled* !" said Lida. Her inflexion showed how much more serious it was. She turned away, biting her lip.

"Well, don't let your eyes get all red, anyway ! Mr. Mannners is coming to dinner—you had better wear your new flowered chiffon."

"I won't," said Lida, and she continued to cry until her nose was really something of a sight. For, though she was an acknowledged flirt and a good deal of a schemer in a little way, she had her preferences.

Meanwhile this particular preference was pulling swiftly upstream; the important engagement was evidently in that direction. So rapidly did he row, in spite of the heat, that in half an hour he had tied up his boat at the landing belonging to the mother of his step-cousin Ellen. One would have thought that here he might have rested a little to cool off and to gain control of a certain nervousness but the importance of the engagement must have been imperative for he did not waste a moment but set off, at once, almost running through the trees.

Ellen was swinging in the hammock, helping it out now and then with the tip of her slipper. She looked very cool and thoughtful and restful. In fact she looked as Ellen always looked and in the dusk of the trees you couldn't notice that her hair was a trifle more ruffled and her eyes slightly dimmer than usual.

To her came Charles, hot from his rowing, hot from his run through the orchard and hot from a certain agitation which seemed to affect his nerves in a wholly new and unaccountable way.

"Ellen !" he said. It must have been the new and unaccustomed agitation which made his voice shake so badly.

"Why !—is it you, Charlie ?" Was it imagination or did Ellen's clear voice shake a little too ? At any rate there was a note in it which seemed to give him courage. He laid a strong hand upon the hammock and stopped its swinging. Ellen sat up and glanced at him, a little timidly. He couldn't help seeing her eyes and surely they seemed a little dimmer than usual !

"Oh, Ellen !" he said and next moment he was down on his knees upon the very spot where his heel had kicked a hole that morning.

"Have you any use for a fool, Ellen?" he asked. She let him take her hand but she did not answer just at once. He could see her eyes quite clearly now. Ellen had certainly been crying ! Then, "Are you the fool, Charlie ?" she said. He nodded.

Again there was a little silence. He drew closer, so close that he could see how tumbled her hair was. She had been crying—but why ? A moment ago he had felt sure of her, now he was afraid. "Ellen !" he said. There was fear in his face.

She drew her hand away, laughing a little. Then, quite frankly, she put it up and wiped away a tear. "Oh dear !" she sighed. "I was beginning to think that you were never going to find it out !"

IN BED

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

SNUG in his crib—the dear, wee tad—
Who'd ever dream he'd be so bad
As to say, "No? It is not so!"
When grandma calls him her own lad.

Who would believe that in his play
He'd leave his toys in mother's way,
Although she said: "You'll go to bed
If you do that again to-day!"

Who'd ever think that he'd refuse
To put away his daddy's shoes
And slippers fetch—the little wretch!
Who'd guess a spanking he would choose?

To see him there—a tiny heap
Beneath the bed-clothes buried deep—
One would not guess; yet, I confess—
He's nicest when he's sound asleep.

THE HOUSE OF THE LICENCIADO MANUEL LOPEZ AT LA UNION

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin, Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

FOURTH PAPER

At "La Union".

La Union is the head-ship of the district of Montes de Oca, the municipality next in importance being Coahujutla. It has a population of 2,000, 11,000 being that of the whole municipal district. La Union may be considered as a modern town, its existence dating from only about forty years back. It was founded by Don Jose M. Rodriguez, during whose life it acquired relative importance. The majority of the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, some being of ordinary brick. The roofs are tiled. The streets are generally straight; are paved with stones from the river, and some even have sidewalks. They are converge to a big square where the Municipal House stands, as also the school and very near the church which is not yet completed. The houses in the square all have before them a kind of porch or shed supported by a long line of uniform columns. In the centre of this square there is a band-stand surrounded by small gardens which give pretty aspect to the place and the growing trees will add greatly to the view in time. Not far from the centre of the town a handsome edifice has just been inaugurated, destined for schools, and is endowed with the best conditions in relation to its object. This detail proves the interest shown in Mexico for public instruction even in the most out-of-the-way places. The Licenciado Lopez is one of the notables here. The excursionists were lodged in one of his houses and treated with the greatest hospitality, but the want of beds made camp necessary. An old Spanish proverb says, "He who does not cry will not get his ration,"

and remembering this I enquired of Lopez whether any kind of bed could be obtained for me. I asked this question half in earnest, half in jest, but Lopez forthwith took me to his sisters' house, nice and hospitable young ladies who immediately placed at my disposal a room to be envied by the most refined sybarite. A bed, clean, ample and soft, with muslin curtains tied with rose-colored ribbons, a splendid sofa, a wash-stand with a large basin and a looking glass (utensils which came in so handy for tidying oneself after twelve days of Bohemian life), are certainly luxurious things and a pleasant surprise for one who, like me, could not have expected them. So I accepted it all most willingly although with great regret at not being able to share these comforts with my companions. How well I slept that night ! I shall always feel the utmost gratitude towards those kind angels whose hospitality provided me with more than I could ever have dreamed of.

Our arrival at La Union coincided with the eve of one of the days set apart for the celebration of the Independence. At dawn I was awakened by a fusillade not far from my window. If the Mexican National Hymn had not at the same moment burst forth, its music mingling with the pealing of bells, I should have jumped from my bed in all haste fearing the attack of a band of robbers. But I at once came to the conclusion that the holiday was being initiated by these manifestations. From my bed I saluted the ensign of the Fatherland, which was being hauled up the mast fixed in the middle of the square, and as silence was gradaully restored, turned over and went to sleep again until rather late in the morning. My tired and painful body was indeed in want of rest and strength after ten days of early rising.

If we passed the night well, as much can be said of the meal that Emile regaled us with. The poor fellow ever since we left Mexico had had no opportunity whatever to show off his abilities in the culinary art and really he did justice to himself now.

In La Union I had the occasion to experience the excellent organization and rapidity of the federal telegraph service. Shortly before mid-day I telegraphed to Mexico City (the capital) and two hours after I received a reply to my request; I sent off another telegram, and by nightfall I had also received an answer to that. This fact is worth bearing in mind as I doubt whether it could be improved upon in any country of the old continent.

During the afternoon Colonel Davidson expressed a wish to visit the schools and was greatly impressed with their organization and the intelligence and capabilities of the teachers, one of whom, a lady, held a conversation with him in correct English.

In a most kindly way Davidson made evident his philanthropic and humanitarian regard for children—surrounded by these, all natives, half naked and ragged, it was nice to see him questioning them, through my interpretation, as to their culture and proving to his great satisfaction the benefit they derived from the good system of teaching employed.

Taking advantage of a moment when the Colonel's attention was called to some other matter, I collected a number of these boys and forming them into a line I taught them to salute in a military fashion and to say "Good morning, Colonel Davidson." One may judge of his surprise when on turning round he was met by a military salute and a greeting in his own language. Their efforts were well rewarded as he showed his pleasure by distributing wherewith to supply them with a quantity of sweets.

Late in the afternoon the band played in the square and the "feast of the tree" was celebrated. This consisted in planting small trees all round the bandstand and the Colonel and I had the honor to plant some as an appreciation of our sympathy for this poetical and instructive act.

The fete was presided over by a group of young ladies who in the language of the country are styled *madrinas* (god-mothers). Each lady, prettily dressed, was attended by a young man who acted as her knight.

At sunset the whole neighborhood crowded into the square. By the side

A CORNER OF A SPANISH HOME AT COYUCA DE CATALAN

of the mast on which the Mexican flag floated, the Guardia Rural formed up in correct line. At a sign from the political chief the orchestra struck up the national hymn, everybody uncovering their heads, the guards presented arms and in the midst of extreme silence the national ensign was gradually and majestically lowered. A beautiful sight! Such a ceremony practised at a place so far away and the respect shown by the whole town from the richest white man to the very poorest Indian produced a great effect upon the Canadians and we Mexicans felt proud and were gratified to see foreigners admiring the culture and patriotism of our people.

After this we adjourned to the municipal hall to assist at a meeting to be held in the principal Salon. The *madrinas* occupied the seats of preference and the political chief took the chair with Colonel Davidson on his right and me on the left in my character as a Mexican official.

The object of the meeting was the inauguration of a new telephone line, the cost of which, in the main, was supported by the residents.

After some speeches which dealt with the matter which had brought them together, Colonel Davidson expressed a desire to say a few words, and in eloquent phrases, interpreted with extreme facility and in chosen language by Senor Ibarra, he associated himself with the act being celebrated and offered his support for any movement they might initiate for the benefit of the town and neighborhood if the day arrived for him to see realized the humanitarian and civilizing plans he was conceiving at that moment. Mr. Lukes in like words expressed the same sentiments, referring also to such laudable plans.

My turn came next and it goes without saying that I expressed my great satisfaction at being present and the excellent effect La Union and its municipality had produced upon me, also that I would be greatly pleased to make known to the president of the republic and his government the patriotic manifestations of the authorities and the people.

In the evening, exhibitions of typical national dances were given in the square, the Colonel and his companions entering into the spirit of the gaiety, and all confessed to having passed a really enjoyable time.

It would not have been a Mexican fete without the singing of "La Paloma," that delicate composition to which babies are rocked to sleep and which is the love-song of sweethearts.

I am unable to say until what hour the dancing continued but at midnight retired to rest and soon fell to sleep in the midst of the noise which still raged in the square.

From La Union to Sihuatanejo.

On leaving La Union, the caravan was organized somewhat differently. The baggage was again placed at the rear-guard; the Colonel and his Canadian friends in front; and behind them Ibarra, Favill, Lopez, who desired to accompany us part of the way, and I.

To each member of the expedition a

A PURE-BRED BULL ON THE CABANO RANCH NEAR LA UNION

charro, or cow-boy, was assigned, who acted as a personal servant. The one attending on me appeared to be a Creole, of good stature, attentive and respectful; his name was Godoy and he had with him his son Panchito, a boy of twelve, whom his father wished to train and took advantage of this long march on horseback for his object.

We passed through the ranch called "El Cabano," the proprietor of which treated us to some rich milk and accompanied us through his pastures where excellent cattle were feeding. I saw one bull which could be compared well with the best types to be found in exhibitions.

Early in the morning, we began to receive the enjoyable sea breeze and at ten o'clock, emerging from a long extension of thick brushwood, we came to the beach.

We were greatly impressed at the sight of the wonderful expanse of ocean at last. It would seem as if the Pacific wanted to deny the proverbial reputation for habitual calm given to it by navigators, for the waves broke at a great distance from the beach, throwing up surf right to our feet and frightening our animals.

At this point the beach has an extension of quite a hundred metres into the sea, there being no fear of a man losing his foothold even at that distance. The sand is exceptionally fine and had the aspect of cement from its color and consistency. The horses and mules hardly left any traces of their hoofs in their passage over its shores.

The shore was covered with every imaginable kind of shell, beautifully colored, and there was a great abundance of *ostiones*, a species of large oyster, of exquisite taste. We literally satiated ourselves with them.

On reaching the shore we directed our way towards the south-east and for more than an hour we had to undergo the terrible heat of the sun, an experience I shall never forget. After this we turned inland and at a distance of about a hundred metres we came to a veritable oasis abounding in cocoanut trees under the shade of which the Colonel ordered a rest and some refreshments.

This plantation formed part of the ranch called "Roca de Churla," and to it we directed our steps. An Indian woman, graceful and a fine type, also clean, offered us some *blanquillos*, maize, cakes, bananas and cheese, which we eagerly accepted and washed down with *aguacoco* (cocoanut water)

ENTRANCE OF THE FORT AT SAN DIEGO DE ACAPULCO. NOTE THE DRAWBRIDGE AND THE MOAT

that precious nectar that Nature sent to these regions as a providential drink for the refreshment of the tired and heated traveller.

The sea, notwithstanding the heavy surf, was very tempting and several of the party did not hesitate to take a dip, and for myself I can say that it was one of the most pleasant baths I had ever enjoyed. If the voice of our chief had not been heard, giving the order to start again, we might have stayed in the water for an indefinite period, so refreshing was it. For me, this mysterious sea was full of charm, for so many ages unknown, hidden away beyond unexplorable forests.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa at the beginning of the sixteenth century discovered its shores after traversing the American continent, and the Isthmus of Panama.

What strange coincidences there are! On the 28th of September of 1513, the illustrious navigator saw it for the first time, and on the following day took possession of what he called the Southern Sea on behalf of the King and Queen of Castille. Three hundred and ninety-seven years after, day for day, I saw it also for the first time.

So as to avoid the mules having to continue the circuitous route we had taken for getting to the sea, it was arranged that they should follow the route which leads from La Union to Acapulco, and wait for our arrival at a place called "Las Laguras." We, in the meantime, pursued our journey to this point passing through extensive fields of oak trees, cactus and *nopales*. Between twelve and one o'clock the sky darkened, the wind began to blow like a hurricane, and hardly giving us time to put on our waterproofs, a terrific storm broke upon us. Only in these parts are such brusque changes to be experienced. Galloping our hardest, we fell upon the ranch "Las Laguras," like a legion of devils, but the inhabitants, although astonished at our sudden arrival, soon showered upon us every kindness and attention. The people of "Las Laguras" are descended from French and Mexican Indian parents, and are somewhat related to Lopez of La Union. The sight of a pretty fair haired boy, with blue eyes, was sufficient to reveal the European blood which ran through his veins. That hospitable family, like all the inhabitants on the Coast, placed before us all they had, and, with eggs, rice, fowl, *jocoque*, and cheese, we soon improvised a good breakfast. During our meal the sun re-appeared and half way through the afternoon we were able to resume our journey. At about six o'clock we arrived at the plains of Temahhuacan and as we were convinced of the impossibility of reaching Sihuatanejo before nightfall, the chief gave orders to encamp and we began to look around for a suitable spot.

As the recent rainfall had converted the ground into a veritable quagmire it was impossible to find even a small corner where to set up our tents. Remembering that a sister of the Licenciado Lopez resided somewhere hereabouts, I enquired after her and was immediately directed to her house.

Needless to say she unhesitatingly placed her abode at our disposal. We accepted the shed which formed the front part of the house and there we installed the camp-beds and the kitchen stove. Lee Stark, Ibarra and I sought out a small hut less dirty than the rest in the village and there arranged to pass the night. Favila went ahead charged with the mission of arranging for breakfast to be prepared in Lagunillas, a small ranch which we should have to pass next day. The night was passed without incident and allowed us a fair rest. At daybreak the horses were saddled and before sunrise we were well on the way. Our road from the outset was over mineral soil, principally silver-lead, and this continued up to Lagunillas where we arrived by forced marches. To the north we had left the celebrated "Iron Mountain," unexplored up to the present, where the ore is found almost on the surface and forms the entire mountain. The mineral is so abundant that the supply is calculated to be sufficient for the world's requirements during more than a hundred years.

After passing, on the trot, through the hacienda de Buena Vista and the ranch of Pantla, we stopped at Ixtapa to give the animals a rest. Here we enjoyed the sight of the centenarian tree Saiba, under shade of which more than sixty horses can be sheltered. On leaving Ixtapa we traversed a region which for its incomparable beauty gave us an idea of what Paradise was like. The main road (if such it may be called) beyond Ixtapa is engulfed in the roughnesses of the Sierra de la Cuchara, the exuberant vegetation of which offers delicious shade to the traveller for a long distance, at the same time astonishing him with its marvellous splendour and charm.

La Canada de los Bordones should be specially mentioned on this account, for it is truly lovely. Here are to be observed every kind of fine wood trees natural to the tropics, cedar, mahogany, ebony, etc., but the scarcity of roads makes their exploration impossible. Among the trunks of these trees the *lotonias* and *camerops* abound just as

THE TYPE OF SAILBOATS IN USE ALONG THE COAST NEAR SIHUATANEJO

ferns do in the woods and forests of Europe. The *cuaztle* is also very profuse, a plant which produces the fibre with which the Indians make saddle cloths and other parts of harness.

The long and slender *bejucos* wind round the trunks and form bridges and garlands which, hanging from bough to bough and from branch to branch, serve as a frame for the wild aromatic climbing plants and varied flowers which gives a tropical forest such a seductive and original aspect.

The *timbiriches* and many other plants giving off such a variety of rare flowers perfumed the air with their wonderful aroma, and the singing of many colored birds, and the innumerable butterflies of great size and brilliant coloring reflected upon by the sun's rays gave greater life still if possible to this charming spot.

Notwithstanding our fatigue an the desire to soon terminate the day s journey, the hours inverted in passing through these lovely forests, upon

which nature appeared to lavish all her charms, seemed to be very short to us. Even the spring water so rare in these parts issued fresh and crystalline at frequent intervals.

On coming out into the open again, we soon reached "La Pureta," a banana plantation belonging to Don Francisco Galeana, a descendant of the famous hero Don Hermenegildo Galeana, who, during the War of Independence and as lieutenant of General Morclos, gave so much trouble to the royalist troops. There, for the first time, we saw a banana plantation. To judge from its extension and the abundance of the fruit, the proprietor must be making good profit.

After descending a dangerous ravine, where not long before a traveller met his death falling with his horse to the bottom of one of its precipices, we came again to the open and amidst leafy lanes of bananas and palm trees, we made our entry into Sihuatanajo, where we were awaited with expectation.

From Sihuatanejo to Petatlan.

Fihuatenejo, Cihuatanejo or Sihuatanejo, as under these three spellings have I seen it mentioned on maps, in guides and in official documents, although written with the "S" the word appears to mean "young woman" in the ancient Indian language, is a clean and attractive town with a natural harbor or bay of limited size, consisting of some hundred huts, many of these only cabins. Its situation is approximately two degrees to the west of the Meridian of Mexico and in the seventeenth and eighteenth degree of northern latitude.

This maritime district is in charge of an old marine officer, whose name I cannot recall who in turn is under the jurisdiction of the Marine Commandancy of Acapulco. There are very few seamen as hardly anyone about here is dedicated to the fishing industry. We only came across a pilot named Bernardo Rodriguez, in whose hut we were lodged and kindly treated. As will be seen later, this old man had to return to active service and take to the sea with a party of the expeditionaries.

Don Bernardo is a proper sea-dog and inhabits a lovely white little house by the sea-shore with his wife, of whom we shall always preserve grateful memory, and two children, a son and daughter. The girl, about twenty years of age, is the telegraphist of the place and is very intelligent and capable. We all wished for her a prompt rise in rank for her ability is certainly superior to that required for the necessities of such a small district. In that house, and under the awning which protected us from the sun's rays at the same time allowing us to enjoy the fresh breeze impregnated with ozone, I passed one of the happiest periods of the whole expedition, rocking in my hammock, resting my tired limbs and as my mind became refreshed by the delightful breeze, my thoughts went back to the Mediterranean coast, the waters of which as it were rocked my cradle; to the long voyage of my father, an old sailor, who in his young days navigated the Pacific along the entire Mexican coast; and to those days of my infancy when I found enjoyment in collecting shells of all colors on the seashore. Towards evening we took a bath in those waters, the same waters in which Lerdo de Tejada, President of Mexico, bathed himself every day when, as a fugitive and pursued by the forces of Porfirio Diaz, he was awaiting the ship to take him and his companions to the United States.

To be continued.

ON THE "MIDNIGHT SUN" ONE OF CORNWALL'S STEAMERS
Engineers, trappers, surveyors, free traders, a manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Indians, breeds and a Hudson's Bay man are shown among this cosmopolitan crowd of passengers

Making a Country and a Name

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated from Photographs

IN the days of the masculine shirtwaist it required nerve of a kind to wear one of those contraptions in the larger eastern centers; figure how much more nerve it would require to wear one in the west, just about the time the railroads reached the pioneer country. Figure that it would take ten thousand times more nerve to wear a shirtwaist in the lumber country in the east than it would in one of the eastern cities, multiply that by a few thousand more and you have the ratic required to wear one in Edmonton in early times. Jim Cornwall was the only man in the north who wore a shirtwaist when they were in vogue, and acquired the sobriquet of "The Shirtwaist Man."

Just by way of an illustration to show how Edmontonians looked upon eastern fashions let me recall the story of the man who in the year 1908 applied to the local legislature for a railroad charter to open a part of the country that needed it much. He was refused, —turned down with the grim coldness of an iceberg—because he appeared on the streets of Edmonton wearing spats and a silk hat. Yet years before, Jim Cornwall wore a shirtwaist, and the inhabitants stood for it because Jim Cornwall did it.

Men who do things generally can.

He learned to speak Cree and dance the Red River jig with the best of the half-breed turks

He has piloted many an impatient gold-seeker through the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca

"Jim" takes a rest on the "nigger" of one of his modern steamboats. He can handle the wheel with the best of the pilots

He is the only man beside Alex Kennedy to make the walk from Peace River Crossing to the lake in a day's time

JAMES K. CORNWALL, M.P.P. FOR THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT
looks like any other successful business man when he makes his trips "Outside", and a stranger would place him as perhaps a real estate man or a merchant

Cornwall had done things, and Edmonton knew it. He had been a newsboy and a sailor, a trapper and a trader, he knew canoes and rivers. The early people of the north liked his spirit and approved of his ways.

The first time I ever saw J. K. Cornwall was in 1908 when he had just returned from the north trails, lean, brown and hard. He was about five feet eleven inches tall, he weighed about a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and he walked with the swing of springy, steel muscles. His shoulders were wide, his hips narrow; his face was keen, brown as an Indian's and smooth as a boy's. From the brown face a pair of wide-set grey eyes took in everything in sight, from the dogs fighting two blocks away to the stenographer peering from the window of the law office three stories overhead.

A number of years ago, just how many Jim will not say, there was a newsboy along the docks at Buffalo; a newsboy with wide-set grey eyes who made his living by selling papers, held his position by the skill of his fists and the activity of his brain and was born at Brantford, Ont. The grey-eyed newsboy grew in wisdom and strength, interested himself in Buffalo politics and in time became a trusted lieutenant of Fingy Connors then just coming toward his great power along the dock fronts of the lakes. The grey-eyed young man sailed the lakes, worked hard in politics, assimilated knowledge of towns, cities, and the habits of men; he studied everything he could not understand, and he studied until he knew. When General Coxey collected his tattered multitude and marched his odorous way upon Washington, Jim Cornwall joined that throng and remained with it until Washington was reached—and this for the experience. Incidentally, he was also special correspondent for certain newspapers.

After Washington was successfully assailed by the hobo general and his ragged cohorts Jim looked for more experiences, so he enlisted or signed on, or attached himself by whatever term is seaworthy, to an ocean vessel, whereon he sailed before the mast for some time, gathering more knowledge of men and minds.

With a couple of pennies rattling in his trousers' pockets, and a supreme confidence in himself he finally started west and north, reaching Edmonton before the Yukon gold rush of a dozen or more years ago, in search of the proper road to fortune. The Yukon rush was about to start, but he could not see any fortune in that. So he went north into the fur preserves of the Hudson Bay country and looked around. He saw many things. One of them was the Athabasca river, navigable many scores of miles for river steamers, with the power of a couple of hundred thousand horses being wasted in the falls of the Grand Rapids. He followed the river from source to mouth and saw that it fed through a rich country and into a lake rich in mineral indications, rich in fish. Then he went further north and west, across the portage to Lesser Slave lake, across the lake by york boat, across the long portage to the Peace River country. One morning he stood on the high promontory from whence one obtains the first glimpse of the mighty Peace, wide as the Mississippi, slow of current. On the left was the point from whence the Big Smokey wound down into the Peace. The valley of the river was covered with mist. Cornwall stood watching while the mist dissolved in rainbows, stood while the green islands appeared, while the silver band of the broad river took form, stood while the wild geese honked below him and fled northward again, startled by some enemy or strange noise. From where Cornwall looked the river was seven hundred feet below his feet, the lower flats were rich with tender green, the slopes were thick with timber. It looked good. But he made no decision until he had seen more. Down the long grade to the bottoms he travelled and saw that farms had been established, that a trading post was at the Crossing, that farming was successful, horses fat and sleek. He saw luxuriant grasses, splendid grains, heard of wider and mellower country west and north and

southwest saw the natural transportation facilities, and made his decision.

"This country is going to be good some day. I'm going to stick with it." So he went in search of work, for he had none.

On the Athabasca river the Yukon gold seekers were just beginning to flock. They found the Grand Rapids a mighty barrier, and they offered large sums to be successfully piloted through. Jim Cornwall watched for a day or so, asked and secured leave to run the wicked waters in company with an Indian who knew them, came back and took steady work as a pilot. In two trips he had noted the tortuous channel, the bad rocks, the bad water; those wide-set grey eyes of his had taken in all points, and his keen mind remembered the course. Many impatient gold seekers he piloted through that bad stretch of water, never once wetting a cargo, never having an accident. Then with a little stake he looked about for the next step. He took a mail route, from Edmonton to the posts hundreds of miles north, he trapped and traded and learned the Cree tongue. Also, and a much more difficult feat, he learned to dance the Red River jig with the best of the half-breed turks. This alone marked him as a white man above the ordinary. One other thing placed him higher yet in the regard of the breeds; he differed from every white man who had ever preceded him to the country, for he paid no attention to the northland womenfolk—perhaps not because he was *better* than other men, but busier. This was the final seal which proved to the simple breeds and Indians that Jim Cornwall was not like other men of his race. They grew to like him, for he was fair; he walked with them on trail and river, worked beside them, entered into their troubles and helped them. He established trading posts and when he had built up a substantial business, with posts at the important points, he sold to the Revillon Freres.

But through it all he talked of his northland, of the prairies and timbers, fish, and minerals; he talked of the crops that were raised, of the warm chinook winds, of the hearty, lusty cattle, and he became the Northland prophet.

A year ago I went in to Cornwall's country, the Peace river lands. The route was by stage to Athabasca Landing, thence steamer to Lesser Slave river, portage for sixteen miles, steamboat up the river and across Lesser Slave lake, then portage to the Peace. All the way we heard of Jim Cornwall. The stage drivers between Edmonton and the Landing told about his record hikes from the Athabasca to Edmonton, the breeds told of other deeds.

At Athabasca Landing we went on a steamboat, equipped with everything modern. There were berths with white sheets and electric lights, there was a great electric searchlight on the pilot house, there was a bathroom with hot and cold water, the table service was correct, waiters and attendants, French and half breed, catering to the wants of the passengers.

Up the Athabasca the big stern wheel pushed the vessel, the halfbreed pilot proudly guiding the great craft. Along the banks the miles and miles of timber crept down to the water's edge, here and there a moose was seen browsing, occasionally we passed native dugout canoes; once a white flag was spied on the shore and we stopped to take on a quarter of fresh-killed moose. The white flag is the meat sign all along the river. Once again we stopped to see oil bubbling and trickling from the earth. As we sat in the drawing room of the upper deck, watching the banks slip by, reading the latest magazines, feeling the throb of machinery, tilted back in lounging chairs, my eyes caught a warning pasted on the wall to the effect that prospectors going into the Mackenzie river country or the country to the north would do well to take a year's provisions with them. It was not an advertisement. It was a government warning and it showed just how close we were to the edge of things. Jim Cornwall owned these modern steamboats and carried much freight.

On Lesser Slave lake we were on another of his steamers, we ate smoked whitefish netted overnight and smoked

before morning, placed fresh and appetizing on the table before us, we heard of the york boats that Cornwall's steamers had crowded off the lake, we heard how Cornwall swam all night, late one fall, to tow a capsized canoe to shore, a partner who couldn't swim roosting on the upturned craft. On the ninety mile portage to Peace River Crossing we were told of Jim Cornwall's being the only man beside old Alex Kennedy to make the walk from the Crossing to the lake in a day's time. Old Alex, a Scotch trapper who handled boats on the Nile in the eighties, walked one Christmas eve from the Peace to the lake to participate in Christmas festivities. He beat out his dogs and danced all night after he arrived. Jim Cornwall made the trip once in the same space of time it took Alex.

Up on the Peace we stopped at a trading post called Carcajou (Wolverine) where a band of Indians lived. We disembarked for a rest and rambled along shore. Jim Cornwall disappeared with a package under his arm. Finally we approached a log shack with a summer tepee near the front door, and we saw inside the open door an ancient woman, wrapped in blankets lying close beside a stove in which was a roaring fire—and the weather outside was so hot we were wearing only undershirts and trousers. The white plague had condemned the aged squaw. She racked herself with horrid coughs and had only energy enough to move her eyes and look out upon the bright grass, the sunny sky, the shimmering river which she should leave so soon. Beside her sat Jim Cornwall, and in his hands were the oranges and tit-bits he had brought all the way from Edmonton for her. The breeds and the Indians like Jim.

Thirty years ago he sold newspapers along the Buffalo streets, twenty years ago he helped Fingy Connors secure the balance of power, fifteen years ago he assisted gold-mad greenhorns in getting through the northland rapids toward the El Dorado.

Three years ago J. K. Cornwall, M.P.P., for Peace River, ate lunch in Germany with Kaiser Wilhelm and transacted business with J. P. Morgan during the few days he stopped off in New York on his way back to the northland. He's up there now, bossing his boats, building more, arranging for a railroad to tap his steamboat lines.

FLORENCE

BY T. D. J. FARMER

CITY of Flowers! where the Arno winds
Bejewell'd among the Apennines, thou art
Of all fair cities dearest to the heart
Of him who 'mid the world's confusion minds
Life's higher things. In thee the seeker finds
The deeds of masters of an early age
And those whose genius lit a later page
What inspirations! Streams of many kinds
Of knowledge fill the soul with ecstasy
And make poor human things diviner grow
In that fair capital of Tuscany!
Surely the thoughts of after life shall glow
Brighter with happy memories of thee
The home of Dante and of Angelo!

The Claret-Colored Coat

By Mary Grace Halpine

Illustrated by C. Edith Mitchell

"NO WOMAN COULD RESIST HIM," THOUGHT MRS. BURDOCK SADLY

MRS. BURDOCK had been in a chronic state of jealousy of her husband ever since their marriage. Not that he had ever given her any occasion for suspicion; on the contrary, so far as she could learn, his conduct was the model of conjugal propriety. But as she often declared, with a mysterious shake of the head, "Joseph was deep, very deep; there was no knowing what he did when he was out of her sight and hearing."

Now the truth is, Mr. Burdock, though by no means obtuse, was not noted for the profundity of his intellect. Neither was he the sort of man calculated to make a woman jealous. He was a stout, red-faced gentleman of forty, or thereabouts, good-hearted, and with a pleasant and genial manner, but by no means disposed, either by nature or inclination, to be the gay deceiver that his wife imagined him.

But Mrs. Burdock adored her husband, and was firmly convinced that every woman of her acquaintance envied her the possession of such an incomparable man. She was equally as confident that none of her sex, whom he was desirous of pleasing, could resist his blandishments.

"I, even I," she remarked to one of her numerous confidants, "who have so much firmness and penetration, could not withstand his fascinations."

Contrary to what is usual, in such cases, Mrs. Burdock's heart was full of compassion for the victims of her husband's wiles; for that he had such she never permitted herself to doubt.

True, in spite of all her watchings, her peepings into his private correspondence, and questioning his associates and dependents, she had never yet detected him in any overt act—but what of that? It was only an additional proof of his duplicity, of the consummate art with which he covered

up his infidelities. How else could he deceive a person of her skill and penetration?

"Mr. Burdock is deep, very deep," she would say, with a grim compression of the lips, after having followed some "very suspicious circumstance" until it resolved itself into quite a commonplace affair; "but he will be caught napping yet."

Mr. Burdock was a lawyer, though not a very brilliant one. He had gained considerable wealth; but, from the force of habit, still plodded on in the old beaten track.

He had no children, but had taken a nephew into his office to study law, whom common report declared he intended to make his heir.

However this might be, Mr. Burdock seemed to be quite fond of his nephew, James, in his way; said way—like a good many other people's ways—not always being very agreeable to the object of his affection.

"It's high time you were settled in life," he said, to his nephew, one day. "I will give you five thousand dollars, and if you marry a wife with as much more, it will give you a very fair start. There's nothing like getting a good start. Let me see. There's Miss Bagley, daughter of old Tom Bagley, she'll have that, if not more. Just the one for you!"

But James did not seem to share in his uncle's enthusiasm, but was ungrateful enough to hint that the lady in question was some years his senior, and not of a very prepossessing exterior. At which Mr. Burdock took great umbrage, bidding his nephew suit himself as to a wife; all he insisted upon was, that she should have the qualifications named.

James' countenance, which had brightened at the commencement of his uncle's speech, fell at its conclusion, the cause for which the story will develop.

We forgot to say that Mr. Burdock had a claret-colored coat—a very unimportant omission, perhaps, the reader will say. Apparently; but important results are often brought about by very trifling circumstances. So, if it hadn't been for Mr. Burdock's coat our story would have remained untold.

This coat had been in Mr. Burdock's possession for some years, and was different in make, material, and color, from any other in the place; but it was a great favorite with him, and he wore it a great deal, because it was so easy and comfortable. So he came to be known by his coat, as far off as its color could be distinguished.

"How did you like the lecture last evening?" inquired a lady of Mrs. Burdock, one afternoon shortly succeeding her husband's interview with James.

"I didn't hear it," disclaimed Mr. Burdock's helpmeet.

"I saw your husband there with a lady, and I thought, to be sure, it was you. But now I think of it, it looked more slender and girlish."

There was an ominous silence. Mrs. Burdock looked unutterable things, and her visitor had the painful consciousness of having alluded to some unpleasant circumstance.

"Are you sure it was my husband, Mrs. Drake?"

"Quite sure. I saw only his back; but I should know his claret-colored coat anywhere. I don't believe its like is to be found in the town."

"And the—the young person with him was—a woman?"

The solemnity with which this question was put brought a smile to Mrs. Drake's lips.

"She had the appearance of one; though I couldn't swear to it."

This discovery was rolled over and over, in Mrs. Burdock's mind, until she saw her husband at noon, its meagreness of detail fully supplied by her active imagination.

"Where were you last evening?" she inquired, with an air of assumed carelessness.

"In my office."

"All the evening?"

"All the evening. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing. I merely inquired," said Mrs. Burdock, indifferently; for it was by no means the purpose of this astute woman to put the deceiver on his guard.

MRS. BURDOCK'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO RUSH FORWARD AND OVERWHELM HER HUSBAND WITH HIS PERFIDY

After tea, Mr. Burdock went to his office, as was his usual custom, it being his practice to make, in his business, short mornings and long evenings. Removing his coat for something lighter, he proceeded to prepare himself for his work by the solace of a cigar, and a glance at the evening paper.

Not long after her husband left, Mrs. Burdock followed, disguised in the attire of an old woman, with a large, close bonnet, that quite concealed her features.

She moved slowly along on the opposite sidewalk, frequently pausing, apparently for the purpose of looking in the shop-windows, but keeping a close watch on the office door.

She was soon rewarded by seeing the door open, and her husband pass down the steps. True, she could not see his face for the muffler, and the cap that was pushed down over his eyes, but his coat was as familiar to her as his features.

He moved hurriedly down the street, as if anxious to avoid observation, and Mrs. Burdock followed.

He did not slacken his pace till he came to a large tree on the edge of the Common, where he was almost immediately joined by a woman closely veiled.

The woman threw back her veil as she reached his side, disclosing a fair, sweet face, whose eyes and lips smiled an eager welcome.

Mrs. Burdock could not see her husband's face; but she did see what almost took away her breath to witness; she saw him bend his head, and kiss his companion again and again.

Mrs. Burdock's first impulse was to rush forward and overwhelm him with her knowledge of his perfidy; but upon second thought she concluded to attain her object in a more sure and certain way.

The pair moved slowly down the path; and Mrs. Burdock thought that she had never seen her husband stand so erect, and walk with such a free, joyous step.

They appeared to be conversing very earnestly; but though Mrs. Burdock followed as closely as she dared, all that she could distinguish was the words, "our marriage," uttered by the woman in reply to something said by her companion.

"So he is passing himself off as an unmarried man!" thought the wife, with a feeling of grim satisfaction at the discovery of this additional proof of the moral turpitude of the partner of her bosom, and of the male sex in general.

Evidently fearful of being observed the pair soon separated; and Mrs. Burdock never once took her eyes from

the claret-colored coat until she had seen it re-enter her husband's office. She then returned home,—a supremely wretched woman, you will say. Not a bit of it! We are sorry to lose this grand opportunity of enlisting the reader's sympathies; but truth compels us to say that never had Mrs. Burdock been in a more satisfactory state of mind. All the mortifying failures of the past were more than compensated by the triumph that was now in store for her.

And when her husband returned, it was better than any play to her to hear him relate, as she artfully led him on to do, the manner in which he had spent the evening.

"I may be an injured wife, Mr. Burdock," was her inward comment, as she listened. "I should rather think I was; but it by no means follows that I am a deceived one, as well!"

For three consecutive nights, at the same hour, the claret-colored coat issued from Mr. Burdock's office, going the same way, pausing by the same tree, where it was joined by the same lady. And each time it was followed by the attentive eyes and steps of Mrs. Burdock.

Upon the third, she succeeded in tracing the young lady to her home, for the identification of the artful creature was the next move in Mrs. Burdock's carefully-laid plan to circumvent her faithless husband.

It was a modest house, in a retired part of the town. The name on the door-plate was Captain Thorne. She learned afterward, that he was a retired naval officer, quite infirm, and whose family consisted of himself, one servant, and his niece, Jennie, the young lady in question.

The morning after this discovery, as Miss Jennie was seated in the parlor, thinking of—no matter whom—she was startled by the appearance of a dignified-looking lady, with a very grave and severe countenance.

"My name is Burdock," was the visitor's preliminary observation.

The young lady certainly changed color, but did not appear to be so overwhelmed by this announcement as her visitor expected. Mrs. Burdock, therefore, continued in a still more crushing tone and manner:

"You are in the habit of meeting, every evening, between the hours of seven and nine, a gentleman upon the Common."

The bright color rose from the cheeks to the temples, but there was no guilt in the clear, steady gaze that met her own.

"I have called on you with the impression—or, at least the hope that you are unacquainted with his true name and position."

"You are mistaken; I am very well informed on both points."

"Indeed! Then you know that his name is Burdock?"

"Certainly."

"And that he is a married man?"

The color suddenly receded from her cheeks.

"Married, madam? Impossible!"

"Being his wife, I think I ought to know."

"You his wife?"

"Yes. I repeat it, I am the wife of Joseph Burdock."

The young lady stared at her visitor in blank amazement; and then, as if overcome by some uncontrollable emotion, suddenly buried her face in her handkerchief.

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her with a feeling of mingled self-complacence at this proof of her husband's fascinations, and compassion for their victim.

"I am far from considering you blame-worthy," she continued, in a softer voice, "except in the thoughtlessness and imprudence natural to youth. I am not ignorant of the peculiar charm that Mr. Burdock exercises over our sex. Even I, with all my firmness and penetration, am not proof against its powers. But I trust, now that you know his real position, that you will see the necessity of rooting from your heart a hopeless, and I may add, sinful passion."

Here Jennie removed her handkerchief from the eyes that, certainly, had not lost anything of their old sparkle in the apparent grief that had convulsed her frame.

"Isn't it possible that you may be mistaken in the person?"

"No, it isn't," was the positive rejoinder. "I followed him from his office to the Common three successive nights. I think I ought to know my husband's claret-colored coat, upon which I put a new collar, with my own hands, only a fortnight ago."

This proof seemed to be incontrovertible, and Jennie again hid her face in her handkerchief.

Whereupon Mrs. Burdock again addressed her in a consoling and admonitory strain; but unable to elicit any response, finally took her leave in a very serene and contented frame of mind.

Before Mrs. Burdock had decided upon the next move in her counterplot, James, her husband's nephew, solicited a private interview, for the purpose of getting her to exert her influence in his behalf with his uncle.

"I am attached to a worthy, and very charming young lady," he said, "Miss Thorne, niece of Captain Thorne; but my uncle utterly refuses his consent on account of her want of fortune."

"On account of her want of fortune?" repeated Mrs. Burdock, with a smile of scornful incredulity. "Why don't you marry without it, then?"

"Because Jennie won't marry without her uncle's consent, which he will not give unless I get my uncle's also."

Inwardly delighted at the turn affairs were taking, Mrs. Burdock maintained a grave exterior. What a fortunate combination of circumstances this was that thus placed the game in her own hands!

"I thought I heard Mr. Burdock say that you could marry whom you chose, providing she brought you a dowry of five thousand dollars?"

"So he did; but then Jennie hasn't a penny, and won't have. Her uncle's income, which is small, dies with him."

"That doesn't make any difference. I have property in my own right, as you know, and will give Miss Thorne the amount necessary on the day of her marriage. But only on the condition that you marry her directly, and without saying a word to your uncle until after the ceremony."

To this, highly elated at her generous offer, he eagerly agreed.

"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MY DEAR," HE SAID DRYLY, "BUT YOU ARE EITHER TOO HIGH OR TOO DEEP FOR MY COMPREHENSION"

In order to assure Captain Thorne, Mrs. Burdock attended the wedding, excusing her husband's absence on the plea of business. The ceremony took place very quietly in the morning; and after it was over, Mrs. Burdock redeemed her promise of dowering the bride; suggesting to the newly-made husband, ere she took her leave, that he should now call upon his uncle for the fulfillment of his, to which the bridegroom readily assented.

Mrs. Burdock had previously written a line to Jennie, urging her to accept her husband's nephew, and pledging herself to secrecy in regard to all that had occurred; but she was hardly prepared for the serene and happy face of the young bride, as the latter completed her terrible sacrifice. Especially was Mrs. Burdock at a loss to comprehend the dimpling smiles that broke over Jennie's face, as she privately assured Mrs. Burdock, "that so long as she was a good, true wife to her husband, he should never know of her entanglement with his uncle."

Mrs. Burdock would have been better pleased if Jennie had not been so easily consoled for the loss of the

property, over which she had proved her exclusive ownership; but nothing could damp the anticipations of her approaching triumph.

She went home to await her husband's return, spending the intervening hours in dwelling upon his consternation at his nephew's announcement; mentally rehearsing the crushing manner with which she would swoop down upon him, overwhelming him with her knowledge of his treachery; the cutting irony with which she would allude to his congratulations to the happy pair, etc., etc.

Would he indulge in any more little pleasantries concerning her "wonderful discoveries?" And if he did, had she not now an argument that would effectually silence him?

Mr. Burdock was late to dinner—a thing that seldom occurred; the soup was cold, and the fish overdone. But his rosy face quite shone with good humor as he seated himself at the table.

"So James is married at last, and gone on his wedding-tour; and a nice wife he seems to have. They called at my office this morning. I didn't know that Miss Thorne had any fortune; but it seems that some friend settled five thousand dollars on her, on condition that she married James. Lucky dog!"

Mrs. Burdock looked her disgust at what she inwardly termed "a piece of fine acting".

"You may be surprised to learn, Mr. Burdock, that I am the friend you allude to."

"You!"

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her husband with a look that ought to have annihilated him, had looks the power in real life that they have in the world of romance.

"And not only the friend of that deluded girl, but of the man who sought her ruin, and whose baseness and treachery he need no longer attempt to conceal!"

Mr. Burdock placed upon his plate the potato that he had held suspended upon the end of his fork during this outburst of his wife's long bottled-up indignation.

"I suppose you know what you mean, my dear," he said, dryly; "but I must confess, that you are either too high or too deep for my comprehension."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will allow me to offer my condolences on the sudden interruption that your nephew's marriage puts to your pleasant walks with Miss Thorne?"

"Never walked a step with the girl in my life!"

"D'ye think I don't know your coat, Mr. Burdock — your claret-colored coat? Three successive nights I followed you from your office to the Common, where you went to meet that girl! I advise you, in case you meditate any further gallantries, to wear some other outer garment than the one as familiar to those who know you as your face."

"My claret-colored coat, hey? By-the-way, where is my claret-colored coat? I've had it on my mind to ask you that question for a week past. It disappeared all of a sudden, a fortnight ago, and I haven't seen it since. It must have been stolen."

"A very ingenious excuse, Mr. Burdock, for which I give you all credit! But you don't explain how it happens that the thief should be seen three times leaving your office with the coat on his back?"

Before Mr. Burdock could reply, a servant entered with a brown paper parcel.

"A package that Mr. James left for you, sir."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Mr. Burdock, as he opened it, "if here isn't the very coat we were talking about!"

On one of the sleeves was pinned the following note:

"My Dear Uncle—I return the coat, under whose friendly cover I enjoyed so many delightful interviews with Mrs. James Burdock, that now is, with sincere regrets that it should have thus endangered your domestic tranquillity.

"Give my kindest regards to your wife, to whom I owe all my present felicity, and believe me to be, Your dutiful nephew, James."

Mr. Burdock's astonishment, as he read this note, soon changed into mirth, and he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

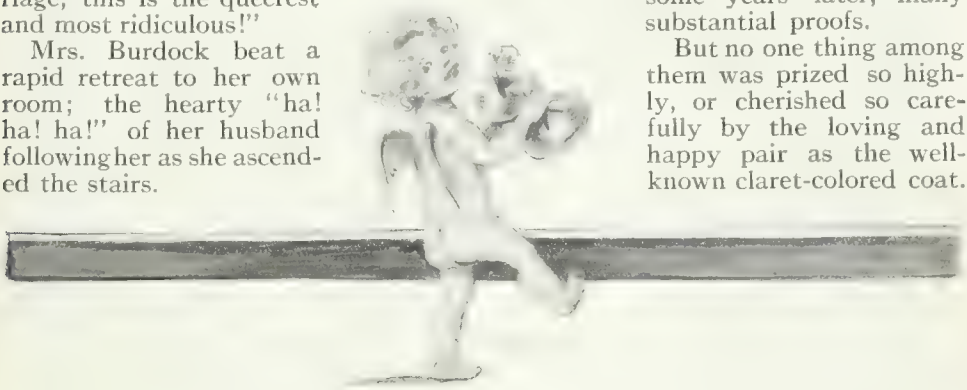
"To think, my dear," he said, as soon as he could speak, "of your dodging James about under the impression that it was me; and giving his wife nearly half your private fortune for the sake of getting rid of a supposed rival! Of all the queer blunders of the kind that you have made since our marriage, this is the queerest and most ridiculous!"

Mrs. Burdock beat a rapid retreat to her own room; the hearty "ha! ha! ha!" of her husband following her as she ascended the stairs.

She kept her chamber for some days, partly from chagrin, and partly from the effect of a severe cold, caught during her nocturnal rambles.

Mr. Burdock became very much attached to his nephew's wife, and the little Burdocks that sprang up around her; of which he left them at his death, some years later, many substantial proofs.

But no one thing among them was prized so highly, or cherished so carefully by the loving and happy pair as the well-known claret-colored coat.



REFLECTIONS

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

I DARE not say, "I love you, dear!"
When he is here, but let
Him go away, and I—I find
My heart a-dancing yet.

For if I gave him all my heart
It would not do at all.
Men are such clumsy things; suppose
That he should let it fall?

And so I will not say, "I love—"
When he implores, but oh,
I'd say it fifty thousand times
If he would only go!

HOW THE WHALE IS SLICED. BOYS AND MEN TACKLE THE DEFUNCT MONSTER WITH KNIVES AND HOOKS AND HEW HIM INTO SUITABLE GOBBETS

After Whales on the Labrador

By Felix Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

SOMEHOW, we had always grouped the whale with the buffalo, and perhaps one might almost say the dingo, as among the practically extinct things of earth—that is, until we got on the Labrador. And then,—well on the lake they talked of seeing whales in the offing with just about as little concern as a trans-Atlantic traveller would step into the smoking salon and remark:

"Had you noticed those porpoises in the offing?"

Whereupon, of course, our appetite was whetted for a whale-hunt.

Where could we "take them"? The captain suggested one place; the purser, another; old man Peddle, the poet-nurse of the vessel, advised we wait till we get to Hawks' Harbour, and then ask the whalers themselves. There seemed sanity, at least, in that suggestion, and so we waited, though not for long.

At half-past eight Tuesday morning, when half the ship was just about up,

we sailed into the Harbour. Islands of a strange, pinkish rock were round about; on the land, the white-painted buildings of the whale-factory rose, with smaller structures on the rocks. Off at one end of the dock were some warehouses, and behind these, a set of five vats extended each side the dock. Within there was boiling a greenish mass of black hunks of meat and ooze—and, over the delightful melee, there ran a little foot bridge to where, in the water, the huge jawbone of a whale lay—a yellow bone with the bits of meat adhering. That, then, was the souvenir of the last whale dismantled.

The situation certainly was unique, if not romantic. The rocks made a sort of little bowl, and in this, a jumbled array of whale gills were tumbled—one series of curved, black plates, each edged with grey-white bristles running out of lateral, heavy, bloody bones. These are at either side the whale, in such wise that it can drain the water out and leave the fish in its maw.

The man in charge of the station has one boat always out after whales, it seems, and he would arrange for our getting aboard this.

In the offing one saw the vessel—a great black one. Three tall masts, great black-painted sails and innumerable quantities of rigging, were its characteristics.

Were we willing to take a chance on her?

Well, were we?

They rowed us out in a dory, and we boarded her. Then began our trip of inspection. Far at the rear of the single deck there was a windlass. Then, in the front of that, a mast; and then the "try-works". Advancing, we came to the cover to a hold and then another mast. Off at one side of this a rather dirty shed served as galley—while, beyond, two little latticed cupolas came up from the deck, these the roofs of the two cabins below.

UP HERE THE GREAT VATS BOIL OUT THE WHALE-MEAT, A GREENISH MESS OF EVIL GRAVY DOTTED WITH BLACK HUNKS OF MEAT

That, then, was the whaler. And now we were off.

We hadn't far to go, either, for Hawks' Harbour is an ideal schooling-ground for the whales. We were but a mile or two from land—had just

watched the last of a long procession of ice-bergs go to southward, when the cry came from the "look-out" of "Whales!"

Out to sea,—now you saw it, now you didn't,—a long black something seemed to lie, like a log, on the surface of the waters. Regularly a little fountain rose gently—spread, fell then was gone.

The sea again was quiet and tranquil —then, once more the fountain—up, over and down.

But the crew stayed not on the tarrying.

"Quick," ordered Peter, the foreman, "into the dory."

We were down the ladder and away in the six-oared dory in less time than it takes to tell. Six brawny arms, one to a man—for they sit double, do these Labrador oarsmen—were propelling us out to sea. Slower now, as we got into range of the whales—then still slower, and, by and by, we had well-nigh halted. Then, when close enough in, suddenly one man arose. He clutched the harpoon, an expert, this fellow — and away it sped!

But, they weren't taking chances this trip. The whale was too big and too full of oil to be lost. So, instead, they made ready the "bum-gun". Well they might, too!

At the first prick of the long iron barbette, the whale was off, like a flash. The barb had released and caught in the whale's frame of bone; the rope went taut, and then spun off the reel as if impelled by chain-lightning! Out and off, and out and off, and away! You could see it fairly rolling. The whale, of course, had "ducked"—and the rope along with him. We were being towed as for dear life. It was the ride of our lives!

Then, of a sudden—interruption! The whale must come to the surface to breathe. And therein lay this preparation of the bum-gun.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BIG MAMMAL LOOKS LIKE A BAD JOB OF CLAPBOARDING

The rope told the story of where he lay—they would know, in a moment, where he'd rise. How? Well, that is a trick born only of long practise; only a whaler can tell.

Up on the surface again the whale was blowing, when—Bang!—there was a shot, and a long explosive bullet

darted through the air, splashed the sea and entered his hide. The shot, of course, was fatal; and the whale came to sudden halt.

What would they do with him?

We already saw ourselves riding homeward, triumphant, with the monster. But not yet. There were too many other whales about. We couldn't afford to miss the chance at the school. So, instead we set a long pole, with a flag at the end, into the carcass, and went away after more.

And again there was that same delightful sense of a hunt after big game, plus the chance of actual reward, for the whalers. They "snuck" up to a whale as you would to a sleeping bird in the night-time. Made you think of the time you joined the village boys Halloween night to steal an ash barrel from the garden. Then, with the animal safely asleep in the sea, they would fire and at once despatch him.

It seemed almost cruel—you felt sorry, really you did, for the slumbering leviathan there. But "buck-fever" is soon overcome by the hunter. And so with the whales. By the time we'd slain three, I am certain, all that humane sense of pity was gone. So it's good that the rest of the whales were vanished, or we would have shot the others ourselves.

And now for the ride back, triumpant! Away back in earliest childhood we remembered a picture put on cakes of soap-powder, of a whale with a hole blazed in one side, and the man cutting, or flensing. That, then, was the prospect before us.

Slowly the first whale was towed into port, to the station. Once in as far as the vessel could get, a donkey-engine was attached to the monster, and this procedeed to bring him in on the beach. There, first of all, the fat was removed, one great mass of it, and then cut in small hunks. These morsels were sent off in buckets fitted to an endless chain to the cutters. There they are cut into square pieces, and passed down to the tanks seen before. It was these "hunks" (that is the only word that will fit them) that yielded the oil, clear as water, which is put into the casks and shipped away as the whale oil.

The whalers lent a hand so far. at the

THE GREAT FLANGED BONES OF THE WHALE LOOK LIKE NOTHING EARTHLY

doings. There were about as many whale in now as the station could care for, but they kept themselves ready, at a moment's notice, to go out after more, on close sight.

Picturesque sturdy fellows, these whalers! Yonder was Scrall. That was his first, last and only name. A foundling he, on the docks of Stockholm, put aboard a ship one night and taken along, then, by the captain, who raised him till able to care for himself. He had lived here on the Labrador since time immemorial. And he could harpoon—well, Kasper, a Dane, told me he had yet to see him fail on a whale.

Then there was Wilhelm—he was part simple; but he could row a dory. How we envied him. I believe, honestly, his arm-pits had developed sockets into which the two arms fitted, as parts of a machine which was built on purpose to row.

Sometimes, when the chase was especially good, and they rowed back to ship triumphant, they sang from the songs of Peddle. There is a little booklet of these northland sagas, but one seldom meets it save on the ship, where Peddle sells it himself. One in particular we remember, as they sang it while they cut up the fat on this gory deck:

> Rolling home, to Terra Nuova,
> Rolling home, dear land, to thee!
> Rolling home to Terra Nuova,
> Rolling home across the sea.

When the autumn came, and the icebergs closed the tickles and fiords, all these folk would be "rolling home" to Newfoundland—for the Labrador is bleak, barren and inaccessible then.

But now things spelled activity. The fat was prepared to boil for a day, when it would be barreled and shipped as whale-oil. On the dock-end other barrels of the product lay, awaiting transport.

WHERE THE WHALERS LIVE —A BANKED AND TURF-ROOFED HUT ON THE BLEAK SHORE

What was left after the oil is out, a messy substance called "pitchings," was also sent away to work up. Then they boiled the bone till clean and sent it off to Boston. A top jaw-bone alone was often five feet long. After this they took the thick black gills to clean, and these were cut up and shipped. It

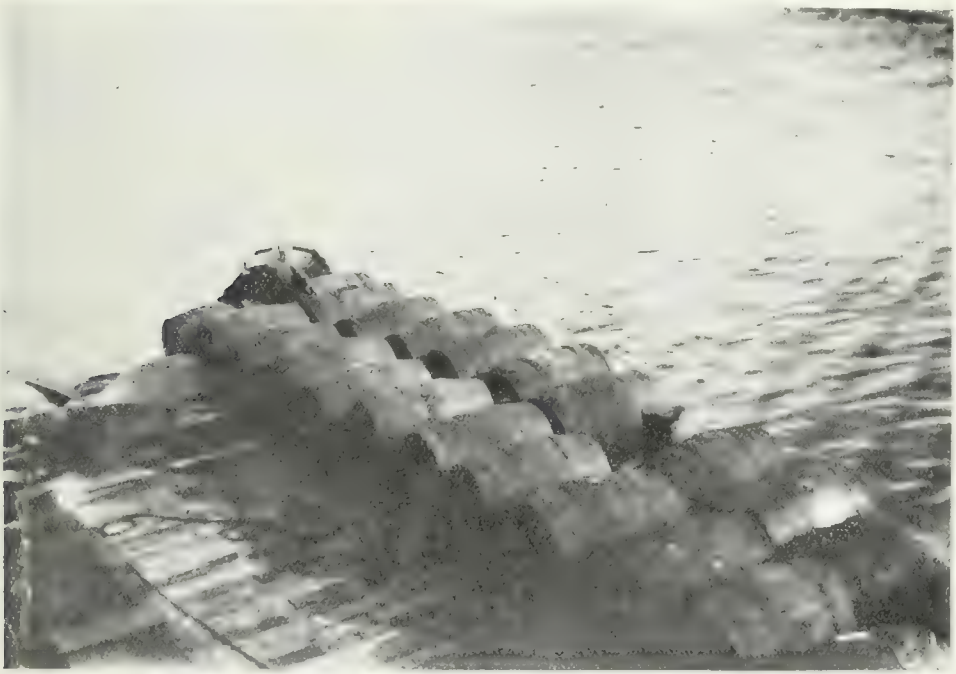
took perhaps a day to cut up a whale, when all men—that meaning twenty people—worked at a fish. The men were paid by the month—for, as stated, the job was a summer one only. And it paid the whaling company well. Last summer they cut up sixty whales here, and each whale gives at least twenty-five or thirty barrels of oil. One sperm-whale gave ninety barrels by itself.

Only yesterday, they told us, they took a whale seventy feet long. Sometimes they get sperm-whale and hump-whale in a single fishing. Now and then, of course, they must go seventy to eighty miles out to get the whales—occasionally, they are at best thirty miles; for a whale, like any sea creature, is a rover. Again and again, they come close to shore.

For goriness, by this time, the place knew no equal. Another boat had come in, with more whales, and the ten men to its crew were likewise getting busy. They preferred, first of all, to cut up the meat and set it in the meat tanks. If a whale be taken ashore at six in the morning, this crew boasted, they'd have him all cleaned up by six at night. After the meat was off they scrubbed the bones. They then cooked the remains down—while these bones were taken to a vessel and shipped off to Halifax.

On the rocks they showed us the black gill-bones, neatly scraped and put out, like fish on a counter. These are weighed off into packs of 115 pounds each and sent away. The oil, too, is boiled down and put out—380 pounds to the barrel.

But we must see some fine oil. As if we, land-lubbers, knew fine oil when we saw it! It was the pure spermaceti, which they take out before anything else. They just pump it out, and barrel it, and away it goes.



ON THE DOCK-END LIE THE BARRELS OF FINISHED OIL, AWAITING TRANSPORT SOUTHWARD

We rambled landward, then, to the little frame buildings. Here oil was being boiled down and put out. And here, too, the meat was cooked and boiled for guano, then dried and sacked.

They wanted to show us the great jawbone of a sperm whale. It had, in all, forty-four teeth. Each tooth was worth five dollars, and the men

turned them over to the "boss" at once. He cleaned them by washing in soda.

An Eskimo dog nursed her four pups at one side the walk, where we followed our leader. Out to sea a great ice-floe had stranded and rested alone. Otherwise things seemed lonely. Most of the men, in the typical slickers, had gone off to our ship to hear news from the south.

We passed to the second floor of the boiling room. Down below there was just the engine, dripping oil to the floor. Up here the whale meat was boiling, like a mess of green oysters. From here it was but a few steps to the guano-sheds, where the brown fertilizer was stacked.

But, by this time, it was pouring again—and a fog came rolling down, as it always does on the Labrador, and the weather grew cold. We wanted to get back aboard the steamer and be off. The whale catch could wait—and we pulled away.

CANADIAN PIONEER SONG

BY J. THORNE

TRAMP, tramp, tramp!
'Tis the song of the pioneer.
Forth he fares on his way alone,
And builds a city to call his own.
He cries aloud, "O Earth, bring forth,
"Bring forth in the east, west, south and north!"
And at his cry the deserts cease,
For Nature smiles o'er a land of peace.

Work, work, work!
'Tis the fate of the pioneer.
With strong right arm he clears his way,
And where he comes, he comes to stay.
He hails his fellows on distant strand,
"I lead you into the Promised Land."
They come at the sound of his ringing voice,
And homes are built, and the plains rejoice.

Life, life, life!
'Tis the spell of the pioneer.
On through the reaches far and wide,
From eastern coast to the western side,
They follow onward, an urgent band
Of eager folk to an eager land,
And Nature thrills as they cross the plain,
And marks their track with the golden grain

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man.

CHAPTER VII.

"DAMN this weather!"

The horseman hunched his shoulders up in a vain effort to make his collar cover his ears from the driving snow. It had started to storm on Monday, and by sunrise on Tuesday, the plains east of the Rockies were covered a foot deep—one of those sudden storms which catch the traveller and the cattlemen off their guard, and before which the herds drift, unless some sheltering coulee intervenes, to perish miles away from the home range. Trails are obliterated, and the traveller must trust to his horse's instinct, or the guidance of blind chance, to bring him to shelter.

"Tobacco" Brown had left Benton two days before, and the storm struck him just as he passed the forty-ninth parallel into Canada. So far, the trail had been plain enough. It was the old I. G. Baker wagon road over which their "string teams" had freighted for years, but after it had snowed for an hour or two the vast, treeless prairie presented a surface as landmarkless as a billiard table. He let his horse have its head, and took the situation as

philosophically as might be. Perhaps he might strike a house, or a freighter's camp, though it was early in the season for the latter. This was before the days of the homestead rushes, and the wheat-farms, and one might travel for a week across the prairie without seeing a human being. Fortunately, it was not very cold, and he kept on until his mount showed signs of tiring. It was then that he remarked conversationally to Pete's ears, "Damn the weather," and presently slid from his saddle beside an old buffalo wallow. He was no tenderfoot, and he knew that if his horse quit, it was all day with him.

Pete, once freed of the saddle, shook himself and sighed expansively. A few handfuls of oats from the sack tied to the saddle-horn, a mouthful of snow, and he felt better. Presently Brown put the hobbles on him and turned him loose to paw away the snow and get at the bunch-grass underneath. A "shaganappy" will live and grow fat where your thoroughbred would starve, and Pete nibbled away with relish at his Spartan fare.

As with the horse, so with the man. Brown had been too long in the west to let a little thing like the want of fire or supper disturb him. He had his tobacco bag and his cigarette papers; and, rolling himself up in the saddle blanket with the saddle itself for a pillow, he stretched himself out on the bare ground, prepared to enjoy a smoke and a sleep.

When he awoke, it had stopped snowing, and he was very cold. A grey light spread over the prairie. There was not a sign of humanity in the whole expanse of the plain. With a sigh, he saddled up Pete, giving him the last of the oats by way of breakfast, and munching a bit of hard-tack for himself.

Once in the saddle, he hesitated, in doubt as to where to go. It was like being at sea in an open boat with no sign of shore or light to guide the voyager. The sun broke through the grey and illuminated the white levels, and Brown struck out in what he thought had been his previous direction of travel. To the west a thick haze hung like a pall over the plains, but as the sun rose higher, this gradually rolled away, and Brown beheld the majestic panorama of the Rockies in all their snowy grandeur. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, lofty pinnacles and serrated walls towered to the sky, with Chief Mountain rearing its mighty head over all. This gave him his general bearings, and he jogged along steadily.

But about noon, the scene was suddenly blotted out. Without the least warning a great white mist settled down over the mountains and the sky darkened, as if the slide of some mighty magic lantern had closed with a snap. Brown pulled Pete around, and gazed with astonishment, which soon gave way to uneasiness. A rushing noise came to his ears, like the roar of a thousand Niagaras. A hot wind fanned his cheek, and the icicles that had formed on his mustache began to drop off. Little streams of water trickled from his hat brim and ran down his neck.

"Holy smoke!" he gasped. "It's a cyclone! Hell's broke loose for sure!"

But it was only an Alberta chinook. Brown dismounted and made Pete lie down by tapping him on the foreleg. As the first blast of the storm hit him, he threw himself down flat, keeping a tight hold on the reins. The soft snow all around him was blown from the ground and whirled above him in a cloud so thick that it was impossible to see a yard in any direction. Presently he realized that he was lying in a pool of water. The snow was fast disappearing, and as it thinned he saw the brown prairie cropping up again in every direction.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said in astonishment, and rose to his feet, the pony scrambling up with him. "If this isn't the queerest show! Come, Pete, let's get out of this."

But Pete, though a good-tempered beast, was plains-bred, and knew better than to try to travel against the chinook. Discreetly he turned tail to the wind, and drifted away on the crest of the storm, in spite of all his rider could do. Wet, chilled and hungry, horse and rider made a sorry afternoon's travel, and at dusk brought up in a

wooded valley at the bottom of which lay a river of sizable proportions. By the uncertain light Brown could not tell how deep it was, and even if he knew, he had no desire to ford it. Where he was, or what the stream might be, he neither knew nor cared. He wanted rest, fire, something to eat, and a smoke. But he had left Benton for Lethbridge unprepared for anything worse than a pleasant early spring ride, with picnic weather all the way. His matches, like everything else on him, were wet; his grub was out; his tobacco a mushy, moist mass. He was just a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no home but wherever night might find him. So, turning the pony loose to shift for himself, "Tobacco" Brown curled up under some stunted trees and went to sleep, exhausted.

When he opened his eyes the first objects they encountered were a big Colt revolver and cartridge belt hanging on a peg in front of him. Looking up he saw there was a roof over his head. He thought he must be dreaming, until the aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon saluted his hungry nostrils, and that was no dream.

"Hullo, pardner !" said a voice beside him, "So you are awake at last ! Thought we'd corralled one of the seven sleepers !"

Brown sat up and stared about him. A man in a cap, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and a briar pipe between his lips was frying bacon on a small cook stove, at the other end of the room. Standing beside the bunk, looking down from his six feet two of well built manhood was a young fellow dressed in brown overalls and red tunic, on the sleeve of which glittered the gold of a sergeant's chevrons. His cowboy hat lay on the table in the middle of the room; his grey eyes watched the newly awakened and much surprised man intently.

"Where am I ?" asked Brown, in bewilderment.

"This," said the Sergeant, "is the Mounted Police Detachment at Kipp. You are just half way between Lethbridge and Fort Macleod. Our patrol, returning down the St. Mary's, found you under a tree, dead to the world, and toted you in."

"I remember going to sleep. I must have been dog tired not to wake when they moved me."

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "I expect you had a close call, all right. But choke off until you have had some grub. Then I'll hear your yarn."

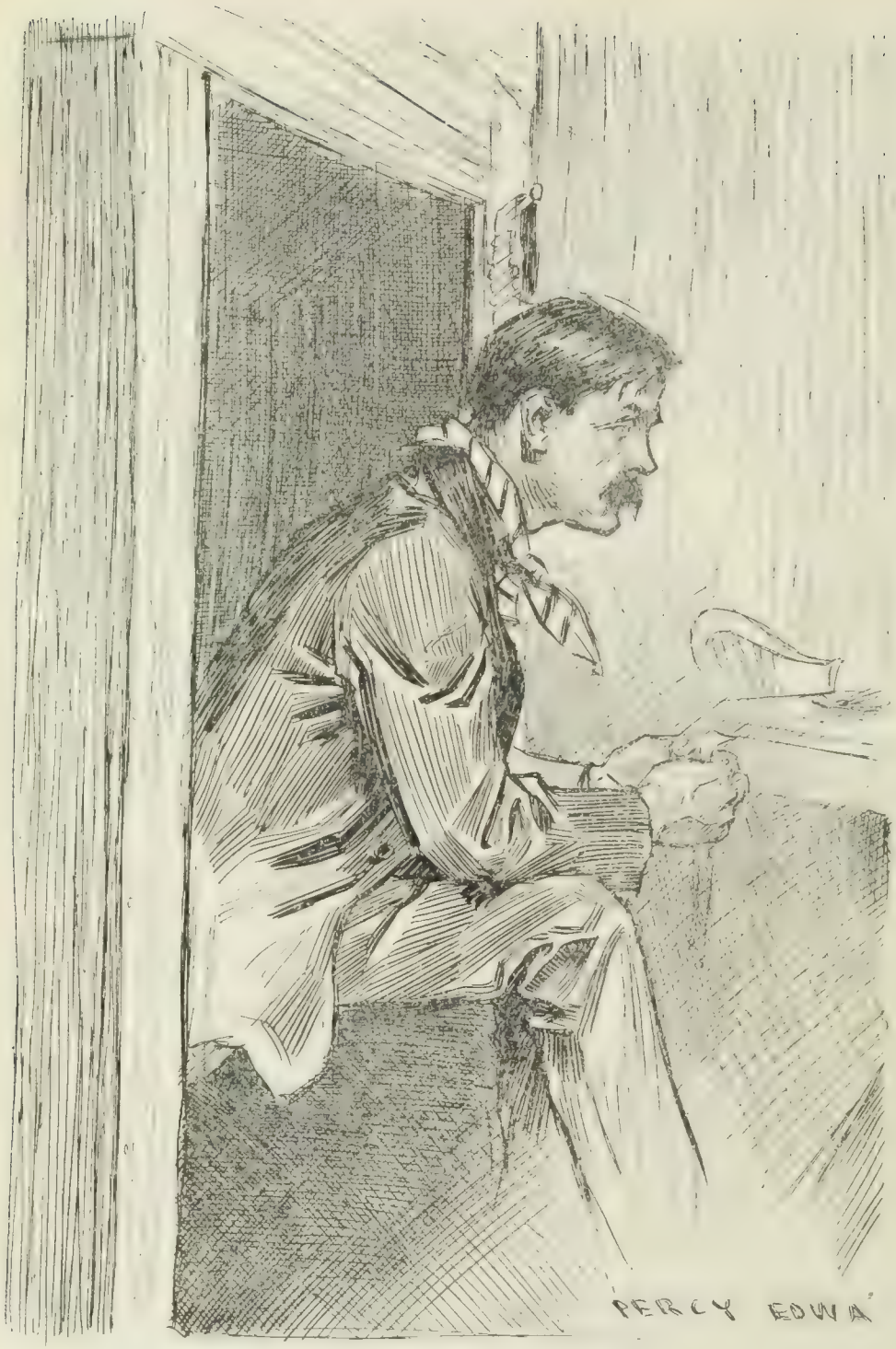
Just then the cook went to the bottom of a short flight of stairs, leading to some rooms above, and yelled, "Grub pile!" Some half dozen troopers, in various kinds of undress, slid down and took their places at the table, where steaming coffee and bacon, together with bread, fried potatoes, etc., were set out. Brown took his place beside the Sergeant and for a while nothing was heard but the rattle of knives and forks and the click of cups and saucers, as the hungry crowd devoured their morning meal. A lamp suspended from the ceiling illuminated the room, and Brown had a chance to take in his surroundings had he wished, but he was so hungry that for many minutes he did not raise his eyes from his plate nor open his mouth except to stow away the food before him.

When the meal was finished, the Sergeant gave a few crisp orders and the men scattered to their various duties.

"Now, stranger," he said, turning to Brown, who had seated himself on the bunk and was mechanically rolling a cigarette, "I want to hear how you came to be cast away in this neck o' the woods."

Brown told his adventures since leaving Benton, the Sergeant listening intently, occasionally interrupting to ask a question, while his keen eyes sized up the man before him. He saw a bronzed, heavy mustached man of about forty years old, dressed in a nondescript fashion from which it was hard to tell his calling. When the story was finished, the officer remained silent for a time, as if pondering what he had heard.

"That's all right, my man," he said at last. "But I want to know why you undertook such a journey, all alone, at this time of year. I take it you're no tenderfoot, or you'd be dead by now.



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN," SAID THE SERGEANT AT LAST. "BUT I WANT TO
YEAR. I TAKE IT YOU'RE NO TENDERFOOT. OR YOU'D BE DEAD
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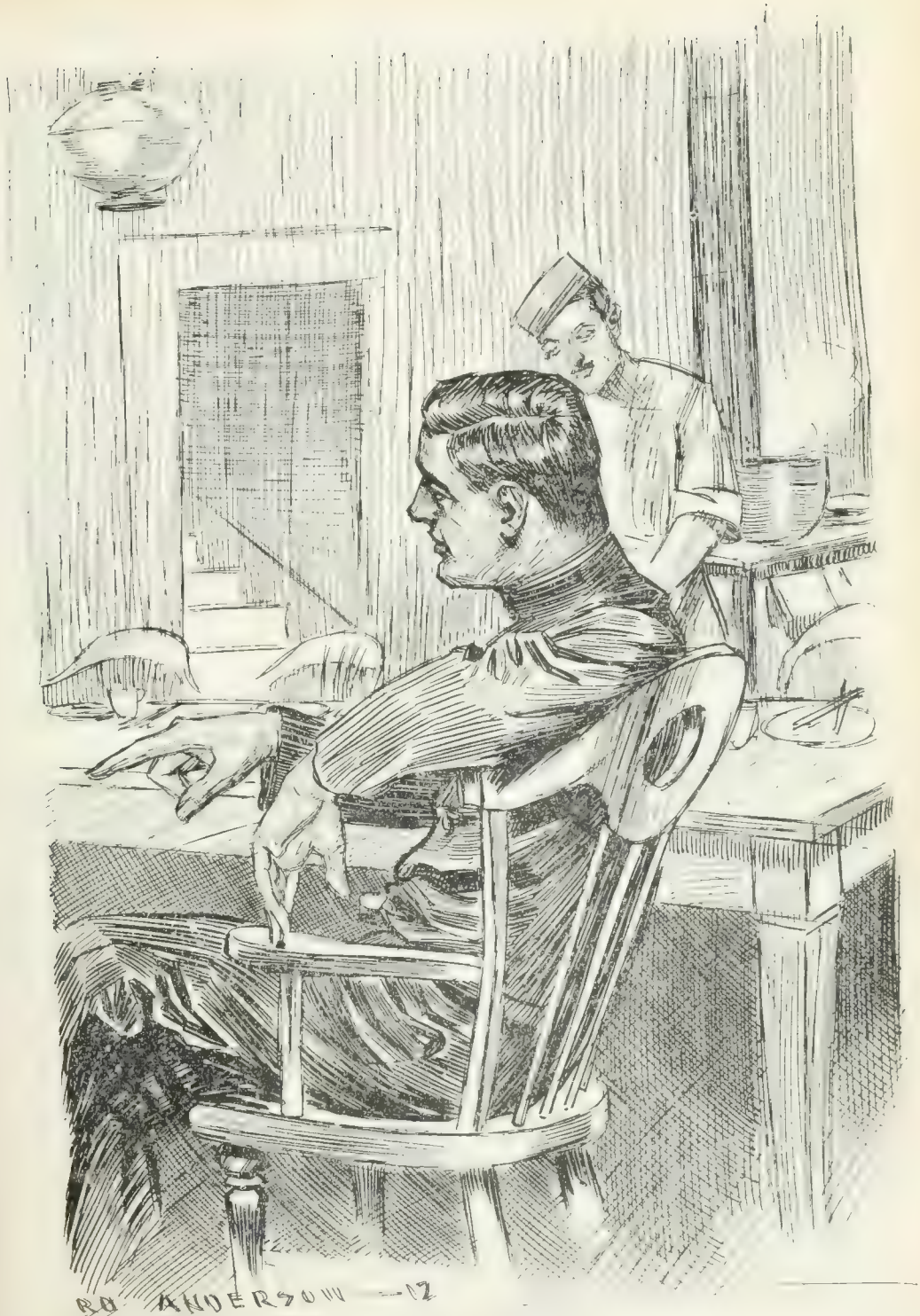


KNOW WHY YOU UNDERTOOK SUCH A JOURNEY, ALL ALONE, AT THIS TIME OF THE
BY NOW. IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, THE MOTIVE THAT
HAVE BEEN A PRETTY STRONG ONE.

You must have known the risk you ran. And—if you want my candid opinion, the motive that chased you across the border in this weather must have been a pretty strong one."

"You think a sheriff's posse maybe had something to do with it ?" laughed Brown good-naturedly. But the officer did not smile.

"Frankly, yes," he said gravely. 'That is how most fellows like you come across the border."

Brown stared, hardly grasping the situation. "Like me ?" he said, his voice taking on a note of rising anger. "You can't always judge a man by his clothes."

"Maybe not," said the policeman curtly. "But it is my duty to satisfy myself on why you came up here without any apparent business or destination. I don't want to seem inquisitive, but your story doesn't ring true. You say you've come from Fort Benton. But you don't carry any grub to mention, or any outfit. You say you aren't a tenderfoot, but here you are, miles off your trail, without anything heavier than a buckskin coat and a pair of light gauntlets, and your matches wet. You say you're going to Lethbridge, but you don't know anybody there, and haven't any prospect of a job. In short, if you can't give a better account of yourself, I fear I must send you to the Fort."

"You will, eh ?" Brown shot back at him. "You mean that I'm under arrest ? Is that it ?"

"You can put it that way," said the Sergeant quietly, and Brown blazed into wrath.

"So this is your boasted freedom, is it ?" he snarled. "Is your blasted country so valuable that a man can't ride through it ? Why, confound you, I've told you twice that I'm going to Lethbridge, and that I'm looking for work. I didn't expect to run into a snow-storm up here, or I'd have worn my buffalo coat and taken some grub. If you're going to arrest me for the capers of your Alberta climate, why it's back to the border for me. I'm no horse-thief and no bum, either. Look here !" and he pulled out a roll of bills. "I guess I can pay my way in your infernal country, unless your weather kills me first."

The Sergeant's expression had changed at sight of Brown's unaffected anger, and the roll of bills clinched matters. He spoke in a mollified tone.

"That's all right, pard," he said. "Keep your shirt on. You must admit appearances were against you. Why didn't you show your wad before ?"

"Appearances ! The hell you say !" snorted Brown.

"Just so," answered the Sergeant, who continued to keep cool in spite of Brown's anger. "It's my duty to ask you a few questions so that I can give you a clean bill of health. Besides, we probably saved your life this morning."

"Duty !" Brown grunted. "Don't talk duty to me. I've been there myself. Saving a man's life doesn't require you to grill him to a crisp afterwards, does it ?"

"You've been a soldier ?" The Sergeant glanced at Brown's square shoulders.

"You might call it that," he answered. "Texas Ranger, scout, and the like of that. Anyway, I've seen service."

"You're not in any service now ?"

"No. You might call me a puncher. I can ride a horse with the next one."

"Broncho buster ?"

"Well, yes. I can turn my hand to that, as well as anything else. I rode for the Double D across the Marias last summer, and just now I'd turn my hand to almost anything until I get the lay of the land over here. To tell you the truth, I've my own reasons for coming over here, which I can't explain at present; but they have nothing to do with the law, nor will they offer any hindrance to my being a perfectly good peaceable citizen. All I want is to earn my living in an honest way."

The Sergeant rolled himself a smoke with great deliberation.

"Well, pard," he said at last, "I guess you're all right. At any rate, I don't know a thing against you. You seem to be able to take care of yourself and pay your way. But I'd like to be able to report what the other matter is, which you say brought you across."

Brown laughed. "To be equally

frank with you," he said, "it's none of your damn business, Sergeant."

"Very well," answered the policeman good-naturedly. "Let it go at that. But say, if you can break horses, Lethbridge won't help you any. Macleod is your best point. That's a ranching country; the other isn't. And what is more, if you are any good at your trade, I can maybe help you to a job."

"Give it a name," said Brown promptly.

"Breaking for the force. We've just got a new outfit of bronchos for remounts, ye know, and I've instructions, if I find a good man, to send him on."

Silently Brown held out his hand, and the policeman promptly gripped it.

"You're all right, partner," said Brown. "The red tape isn't yours, after all."

"Oh—you mean—of course not," smiled the Sergeant. "Instructions, ye know. If you've been a soldier, you know what duty is. All right, then," he continued, "I'll give you a letter to the Colonel."

"Sure it isn't a warrant of committal?" insinuated Brown, with a grin. "Well, I'll just round up my pony and be travelling."

"You don't have to," answered the Sergeant. "He's in the corral. The boys looked after him all right. If he's fit to travel, you can start after dinner. It's only fifteen miles."

Thus it came about that "Tobacco" Brown made the acquaintance of the Mounted Police, and although his first impression was not a favorable one, as he came to know them better, his feelings underwent a change.

CHAPTER VIII.

The horse breaking corral, at Fort Macleod, was walled by a ten-foot close board fence, entered by massive swinging gates at each end. A second corral to the north contained about a hundred unbroken horses lately driven from some of the local branches for approval and sale to the police authorities. The Officer Commanding and Chief Veterinary Inspector were sizing up the outfit, as they were being driven to and fro by a couple of herders to show their points, and, as an animal was accepted, it was roped and dragged through the gate and turned loose in the breaking corral. In this way, after about half an hour, the whole bunch was gone over, and about fifty out of the hundred had been accepted, the culls being turned loose upon the prairie to be gathered up later by their owners and returned to the range.

The selecting being finished, the O.C. and the Vet. returned to the barracks and the young horses were turned over to the remount sergeant and his squad, to be broken. This remount squad consisted of about ten experienced troopers, who knew how to handle "wild ones," and two broncho busters, or professional horse breakers. One was a tall, lanky individual with a fierce red mustache and a scar across his left cheek. His long hair was topped by a wide brimmed sombrero, the crown of which had been shot full of bullet holes, His blue flannel shirt opened at the throat, disclosing a red, scraggy neck, veined like a turkey's, about which was loosely knotted a blue checked cotton handkerchief. His chapps were fringed up the sides and he wore on his heels a pair of enormous Mexican spurs that jingled as he walked, like a string of sleigh bells. This was Broncho Pete, or Peter Wells, the self-styled king of horse-breakers. The other man was Brown, who had readily been engaged, on presenting the letter from the sergeant at Kipp. He was to help Pete, who as boss "buster" was supposed to handle personally all the worst cases; to ride them once or twice, then hand them on to Brown, who was to continue the exercise a few times more before passing them on to the remount squad, who were now seated along the top of the fence, sizing up the bunch as they crawled about the corral or stood in groups, eating the hay that had been thrown to them.

"I bet ye," said the trooper nicknamed "Shorty" Jones because he stood six feet in his stockings, "I bet ye, boys, there ain't a buck in e'er a wan of them mavericks. They are as

tame a lot as I ever saw and I wouldn't be scared to mount any of 'em."

"Listen to the buck hero!" cried one of his comrades in derision. "Shorty says he ain't scared to ride any of the lot, all by his lonesome."

"See that sorrel over there in the corner, Shorty?" put in another, "I bet a month's pay you can't get within fifty yards of him."

"And I," said "Fatty" Reynolds, the farrier, "will bet Shorty another month's pay that if, by any miracle, he should manage to get on that 'oss's back he'd be a-sailin' through the air another fifty yards before he knew what struck him."

"You fellers think yerselves bloomin' smart!" said Shorty, "Wot I say is, give me my own time, and I'll ride any wan of the bunch without no broncho buster's help."

"Like hell, ye will," said Fatty, "do ye think the gove'ment's goin' to keep the 'osses for ten years, a-waitin' for you to break 'em?"

Down in the corral the Sergeant and his two assistants were discussing the remounts in much the same strain. Pete was confident he could handle any of them without much trouble, but Brown was of a different opinion, although he did not say much. Wells, on the other hand, clanked about the corral, quirt in hand, and swore at the animals, calling them a "pa'cel o' cayuses," bragging of what he would do and asking somebody to bring him "a real hoss."

"Take it from me, Serg.," he cried, "they are a pretty bum lot! I hate to waste my time on such easy marks. Give me something with life, something wild and woolly. I'm a broncho buster, I am."

"That's all right," said the Sergeant quietly, "talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy whiskey. We will see what you can do this afternoon. Be here at two o'clock with your outfit. Perhaps you won't find it so easy, after all. I'm all out if that roan, over there, does not give you a run for your money. What do you say, Brown?"

"Hell, yes," said Brown, rolling his everlasting cigarette, "If that roan don't set 'em up in good shape I'm no judge of horses."

Broncho Pete laughed elaborately "You call yourself a puncher and afraid to ride that shagganappy?"

"I did not say I was *afraid* to ride him."

"Well, I'm not."

"All right. After he throws you it will be my turn."

"Throws *me!*" cried Pete disgustedly. "I bet you fifty dollars he can't throw me!"

"Done!" said Brown, "I take you."

At that moment the bugle sounded for mid-day stable parade and after warning all hands to be at the corral at two o'clock the Sergeant dismissed them.

When the afternoon fatigue call sounded, the remount sergeant and the two trainers returned to the corrals and shortly afterward the breaking squad marched up and reported. The horses were herded back to the first corral and Pete, mounted on his own private pony, galloped among them, swinging his lariat, and finally roped a good looking buckskin which he proceeded to tow behind him to the other corral. But the horse planted his forefeet solidly in front of him and refused to move.

"Hold on," said Sergeant Mack, as Pete spurred his horse and tried to drag the buckskin along by main force, "take him gently. You broncho busters have no judgment. Anyone can see this one does not need rough handling—slacken your rope."

At a nod from the Sergeant, Brown took the rope and gradually worked along it until his right hand touched the pony's nose and, disregarding its terrified snort, he reached up and patted its neck. At first the animal seemed doubtful and stared at the man with frightened eyes, but very soon its ears began to move back and forth and its forelegs to relax.

"Cast off the rope," said Brown softly to Wells, "and leave this one to me."

Pete grunted, but at a word from the officer, he unwound the rope from his saddle horn and cantered off to seek another victim.

Brown, meanwhile, had succeeded in leading h s charge into the breaking corral where one of the attendants brought him a bit and bridle and in five minutes the head-stall was on and the bit in the horse's mouth. After leading him around a little a stock saddle was brought and the attendant took the reins while Brown proceeded to pat the horse down the back, deftly passing his hand with a caressing movement along the shoulders and around the girth. The saddle was brought and the horse was allowed to smell it, after which the trainer grasped the mane gently but firmly with his left hand and with his right dropped the saddle into place on the horse's back.

For a moment the buckskin jumped and snorted, but Brown held the saddle in place with one hand and gentled him down with the other, his assistant meanwhile keeping a firm hold of the bit to prevent him from breaking away. The next thing was to tighten the cinch, which was not accomplished without some jumping and plunging, but at last the horse was fully saddled and bridled and that without rough usage. Instead of being driven frantic by the strenuous measures usually adopted, the buckskin seemed to look on Brown as his best friend and followed him about docilely as he led him around the corral to get used to the new order of things. Some one brought him a quirt, but Brown smiled and shook his head. Leading the horse to the middle of the corral he put the reins over the neck, patting the horse meanwhile, and with his right hand turned the stirrup and inserted the toe of his left boot. Drawing the reins fairly tight through his left hand, he grasped the cantle with his right hand and was in the saddle before the horse could flick his ears. For one moment the buckskin stood stock still, as if undecided how to act, but as Brown pressed his knees and loosened the reins he started in and bucked quite creditably for about five minutes. Brown, however, could ride, and the crowd looking on failed to see the daylight between him and the saddle at any stage of the game.

When the buckskin found his efforts were in vain he looked round in bewilderment, then as Brown dug his heels into his flanks, he started off around the corral in as pretty a lope as any rider could wish, amid the hearty applause of the spectators who lined the fence on both sides. After a time the horse stopped to breathe, and Brown dropped the reins over the saddle horn and coolly proceeded to roll and light a cigarette. With this between his lips he wheeled the horse around and was face to face with the Colonel and his staff, who had walked up to view the training.

"Good work," said the Officer Commanding approvingly. "Always take them gently, Sergeant, where possible, and they are not likely to have a relapse. But where is the other man, Wells ?—Oh ! There he is."

At that moment Pete passed through the gate towing the roan which he had bragged about earlier in the day. He had to drag the horse along until the beast passed the gate, when he changed his mind so suddenly that he almost dragged Pete and the saddle together to the dust, as he made a bolt for liberty. But the horse Wells rode was trained for such emergencies, and obedient to the spur, he galloped alongside and kept the roan on the dead sail until he stopped of his own accord from sheer exhaustion. Then the spectators had an opportunity to watch the methods of the boss. Winding the rope around the saddle horn until his own horse and the roan were almost side by side he dropped a second rope over the victim's nigh fore foot as he reared up to strike. The loop caught, and giving the horse he rode the spur, he made a sudden side jump, tightening up the second rope and throwing the roan to the ground. As he lay panting and exhausted, Pete jumped quickly to the ground and slipped a powerful bit into his foam-flecked mouth and had the head collar buckled and the reins in place before the horse realized what was going on. An assistant ran out with the saddle and Pete showed his ability by dexterously slipping it on and yanking up the cinch, till the animal groaned while he still lay helpless.

"Now, ye broncho busters," shouted Pete boastfully, "draw near and I'll show you how to tame a wild one."

"Gee, wouldn't I like to see that boaster fired," said Shorty Jones to his neighbor, "He is getting too cocky altogether!"

"Wait," replied Re olds, "the fun is only just starting. t roan has a wicked eye and he's a striker and a biter as well."

By this time Pete had handed his own horse to his helper, and having coiled up his rope and fastened it to the saddle horn, he threw the loop off the fore-leg, grasped the bit and cut the roan viciously over the back with the quirt. The animal sprang to its feet and stood trembling with excitement. Before he could recover, Pete had vaulted into the saddle without touching the stirrups. Then the fireworks began in earnest. First the horse reared on his hind legs as Pete tightened up the reins and, cutting the air with his fore-feet, he fairly screamed with rage and fear. A vicious cut brought his feet to the ground; half a dozen cuts on the flanks, and he shot like a bolt around the corral in a mad race. It was all Pete could do to prevent him from crushing his legs against the walls. He stopped this performance so suddenly that Pete was nearly thrown over his head. Then he started in to buck, and the spectators were treated to as lively a spectacle as the most fastidious could desire. He rose in the air like a cat and came down stiff-legged, his feet bunched together and his back humped. Pete's teeth began to rattle. His hat had long since flown from his head. The roan turned and twisted with the most astonishing swiftness, "swapping ends," as this performance is called, but Pete hung on. He showed daylight occasionally, and once or twice he grabbed the "jug handle," but he stuck, to the great disappointment of Shorty and the others.

This performance lasted until the animal was thoroughly exhausted. His body was a lather of sweat, when, recognizing he was beaten, he stopped as suddenly as he had begun. Then the rider sent him at a swift lope around the corral, turned and rode up to the spectators gathered along the fence, and waving his hand, exclaimed:

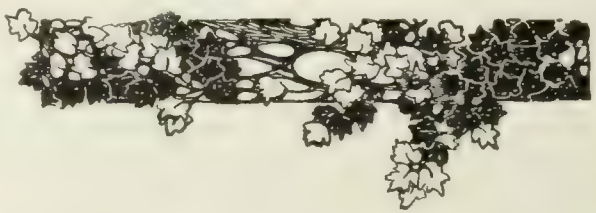
"Ladies and gentlemen, you have now seen how to break a hoss. Any tenderfoot in the outfit can now ride this fiery steed and ol' Pete has once more demonstrated that he is king of them all."

So saying he gave the horse another cut with the quirt. The reins were loose, the roan gave a sudden jump, high in the air, at the same time wheeling end for end, and before the words were well out of his mouth, the boss buster lay sprawling in the dust, while the horse tore around the corral, bucking at every jump, until the saddle slipped off his rump and was kicked to pieces. Then wheeling around, the roan charged through the gate, scattering the Colonel and his staff in all directions, and was once more back among his wild range mates.

Pete gazed after the horse until the corral gate hid him from view, then slowly raising himself from the ground he spat with disgust.

"Now, wouldn't that jar ye?" he inquired of the world at large, picking up his quirt. And the crowd yelled.

To be continued



Love Among the Little Folk

By Mabel Elizabeth Fletcher

Illustrated by Margaret Hittle

LUCIA'S hands fell loosely upon her typewriter keys, her gaze went from the hot, stuffy editorial room down to the street below. She was tired, so tired—but a thin smile came to her face as she looked at the worn cushion in the swivel chair at the desk next to hers. There was the sound of footsteps, and the lank managing editor, followed by a young man with steady blue eyes and a determined face, entered.

"Have a seat, Dr. Jarnede."

"No, thanks, Heldon. I just came in to tell you you can have the dormitory story. And I think I'd like to give my own version of the 'baby-farm'. I've been too busy to answer many questions or letters, and some of the stuff that's been printed has been—well, a bit far from truthful, to say the least."

"Good!" The managing editor's voice was enthusiastic. "We'll send Grant out; he's our best man."

"I think," said Dr. Jarnede, looking at the slight figure by the dusty window, "that I'd rather have Miss Grahame."

The color rushed to Lucia's face as she looked up for a moment.

"Oh, that's outside my province, Dr. Jarnede. I'm not Philanthropy. I'm just Church and Society."

"Grant will be in soon," said Heldon, as he glanced uneasily at the girl's listless figure. "It's time for him to be on now."

"I think," said Dr. Jarnede imperturbably, "that Miss Grahame had better go. It takes a woman to talk about the kiddies. My car's outside, Miss Grahame. Get your hat off that nail and we'll be out of this heat in a jiffy."

"I can't go." Lucia looked gravely at him. "I haven't begun my day's work yet, and there's a good 'lead' in a baby party at your own church."

"Miss Moran can take your stuff." Again the managing editor's voice was puzzled and uneasy. "You may go."

It was unreal to Lucia, accustomed as she was to queer assignments, but impelled by the doctor's commanding eyes she pinned on her hat, took a little chain purse from a drawer in the table, and turned to the door.

"You can send out your photographer about five." She heard the doctor's parting words to the long, lank form in the swivel chair as in a dream.

As she took her seat in the car she was acutely conscious of the firm young face beside her. She looked straight ahead; there was no need of talk; the man was busy steering his way through the crowded main thoroughfare of the town. Was this Lucia Grahame, she wondered, this girl who was leaving behind her a hot office, unfinished copy; this girl who was riding into a land of little hills and sweet cool streams with the famous young physician whose "baby-farm" was beginning to attract attention throughout the west?

"I CAN'T GO," SAID LUCIA GRAVELY. "I HAVEN'T BEGUN MY DAY'S WORK YET"

At length he spoke "Why didn't you want to come?"

"I was busy."

"Now you're evading. You didn't evade at Jane's the other night."

"Your sister is unusual. With her you don't want to pretend. I always want to talk about real, comfy things when I'm in her walls. Like stoves. Last March I talked about heating stoves a full half-hour with an interesting thinnish-looking young man before I found he was *the* Forbes, novelist."

"I've met some interesting people at Jane's, too. One was a girl. She liked Dickens and sweet potatoes. She believed that the Great American Novel would have as one of its principal characters a school-teacher. She—"

Again the color flooded Lucia's cheeks. "Ah, you fairly forced me into saying those foolish things."

"I know it." Her companion's voice was candid. "I made up my mind I'd break through that reserve of yours. You sat, such a big-eyed, calm little thing, in the corner. And I'd like to break through some petty formality now and find out what's worrying you and why you didn't want to come out here to-day."

There was a small silence.

"I made another blunder yesterday," said the girl in a hard little voice. "In a rush they brought me a galley of proofs to read. And I mixed up franchises. You know Mr. Heldon. He wants every column of his little paper perfect. And this last day I was determined not to make a tiny error even—and I came out here after your story without even thinking of a notebook."

Jarnede smiled comfortingly and stopped the car.

"I'm afraid you take newspaper work too seriously," he said. "Did you know we'd arrived? Up this bypath, across a violet patch, and you come to my plantation of neurotic babies. All of which I'm going to tell

you about to-day for your dinky paper, first, because I think publicity will help my new venture, second, because Heldon's a friend of mine, third—but come, let's go up here in the shadow of the oaks and listen to that thrush."

Lucia followed obediently. She sank down on the thick, green grass with a sigh. As naturally as a tired child she flung away her hat and buried her chin in her palms.

Dr. Jarnede looked at her. "You were saying?" he suggested.

"Never mind. I'm saying now that I'm glad I came. That I'm glad I haven't any old notebook. I don't want to know anything about your fidgety babies. There's a red-winged blackbird in that sycamore. There's a bluebell down by that stone. And there's an ant on your collar."

"What time did you go to bed last night?" asked her companion, abruptly. "If you will do newspaper work, why work on a morning paper? Why not try the Herald?"

Lucia sat still. "I'm staying on the Star," she said slowly, "because Mr. Heldon is going to ask me to marry him."

At the look on the physician's face she flung out her hand passionately.

"Oh, don't look so shocked! Let's not pretend to-day. This is even lovelier than Jane's house, and we didn't pretend there. You're curious about me. I've seen it in your face. I don't fit in with the types you've known—like Harriet Gray." Lucia caught her breath a little, then rushed on. "I suppose you want to study me a bit for your own satisfaction. Well, you shall have your way. Now, listen. And if you laugh— But you won't laugh; you're truly kind. So they all coo when you come around, those little skinny babies?"

"Never mind the babies," said the doctor shortly.

"Once upon a time," said Lucia, clasping her arms behind her dark head, "I was a little girl with a clever pen. I drew pictures on my copybooks at school. I drew pictures, always of people, on the margins of the yellowed leaves of 'Romola' at home. I got spanked. I went to high school, and

"COME," HE BADE HER. "LET'S GO UP HERE IN THE SHADOW OF THE OAKS AND LISTEN TO THAT THRUSH"

drew, drew, drew. The drawing teacher encouraged me, talked of supervising, teaching. And because my family didn't believe in me, because I was so young and so dominated by their wishes, I flung my talent behind me—and taught in the public schools. That was my first big blunder. For three years I had over fifty pupils a year. For three years I was ordered around by school officials with the souls of dried peas. But I was young, I had a sense of glorious freedom when I covered the blackboards with pic-

tures, I truly liked the children, and tried to give them some sense of the star-shine and bird-song and wonder of the world. But I woke up—"

"And then?"

"Then," said Lucia, feverishly going on, "I resigned. That was the second big blunder. For I had something of a reputation. With a little training I might have made a dry-souled supervisor somewhere in these hills. Are you bored?"

She did not glance at her companion as she spoke.

"On the contrary."

"Newspaper life had always fascinated me. I got this position as reporter on the Star. Then mother died—and father; I was all alone. I cared—so much. There wasn't any money left. Then I couldn't sleep. Do you know what it is to lie sleepless, to hear the hours of the night go by each with its attendant sounds of pushings and cryings and droppings? Well, of course, I began to make blunders. You have to when you don't sleep. Little ones. Then bigger ones."

"You poor little thing."

Lucia straightened. "I don't want your pity. I'm just telling you. I know Mr. Heldon is going to ask me to marry him. He's kind. I'll not have to work. I can embroider all day long, for we'll probably board. Oh, you don't know what fun it is to embroider daisies!"

"Nonsense," said the doctor, rising abruptly, "Lucia Grahame, I brought you out here to ask you—"

A brown-legged boy came bursting through the shrubbery. "Come quick, doctor," he cried, excitedly, "one of the kids is awful sick."

"Get my case from the car." Dr. Jarnede spoke quickly. He turned to Lucia. "Will you come? I'll leave you with the head-nurse on the piazza while I go upstairs—there's one little beggar that's determined to drop off."

Wonderingly Lucia followed his rapid steps up to the comfortable brick building that lay calm and benignant in the spring sunlight. A moment later she found herself standing on a big screened piazza. A sunny nurse was disappearing into the cool depths of the house, and Lucia stood facing a girl with a very wholesome face and steady brown eyes.

"Miss Gray!" she exclaimed.

Harriet Gray smiled her little friendly smile.

"You are surprised to see me here? I come every week now that the Civic League has an extra secretary. Isn't this a wonderful thing?"

She pointed to the dozen or so of little baskets, each with its puffing, kicking mite of humanity.

"I'm going to bring my girls' club at the watch factory out next Sunday. I think they can help the movement now. You know there's been so much opposition; the factory mothers aren't opposed to the visiting nurse, but they object to having their babies brought out here for months—or even a year. Look at 'The Rat,' Miss Grahame. I happened to be in the tenement when the nurse took him. A dead mother, a dissipated father, and a bundle of little clawing bones. Now he's rosy; now he'll have his fighting chance."

Lucia looked at the capable, eager girl whose brown eyes kindled with the appreciation of the doctor's work. A rumor that she was to marry him in the fall had reached the Star. Well, thought Lucia steadily, it would be a fit marriage; they would never know that she had lifted up her eyes and loved him too—that his smile, his sensible kindly voice, had kept her head above the deeps of loneliness and sleeplessness as she still attempted to rise above her blunders. She walked around restlessly. A few of the babies were very thin, but most looked contented and plump, and they gave her soft little wet-mouthed smiles. In a corner basket lay a tiny thing with hair that looked moth-eaten; his eyes were the eyes of Old Father Time. Lucia reached out, gathered him to her, and sat down and rocked him.

"Oh—I don't think Dr. Jarnede wants them disturbed except when it's absolutely necessary!" exclaimed Harriet, with big eyes.

'Doesn't he?" Lucia's voice was absent. Harriet watched her face with puzzled but very kind eyes.

"WELL, HE'S MY TRIUMPH," BROKE IN THE DOCTOR'S VOICE. "HE'S NONE OTHER THAN CLYDE BANKS FELMER, HEIR TO MILLIONS, BROUGHT OUT HERE TO GROW STRONG WITH MIKE RYAN AND GUSTAV SKUGINNA"

The doctor's voice broke in upon their musings.

"So that s your choice? Well, he's my triumph, I'll admit. Miss Grahame, he's none other than Clyde Banks Felmer, junior, heir to millions – his father brought h m out here to grow strong with Mike Ryan and Gustav Skuginna."

Lucia looked up. His face was calm and k nd; evidently the little beggar had not died.

"I'm going now," said Harriet, turning to him. "Oh, what do you think of the dormitory plan, Miss Grahame?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Lucia, almost short'y. She rose and put little Father Time back in his basket where he lay watching her with brooding eyes.

"His plan to give broken-down mothers the same chance as their babies, to come out here, rest for several months in a big dormitory, do enough light work to make a living, and get all the time eggs, milk, sunshine, bird-song and rest? Oh, I'm so enthusiastic! But I mustn't stop longer; Jane is wandering down by the creek. She found some white violets and refused to stir. Don't come; Roger is waiting."

They watched her drive off in the carriage. The doctor turned to Lucia a face alight with interest. "She's a wonderful girl," he said warmly. "I shouldn't be able to put through this dormitory plan without her influence in the factory district. Shall we go over the place now?"

"No," said Lucia.

The doctor stopped and looked.

"I know all about it. Jane has told me. Oh, I do. I know even that the cook wears beads instead of aprons and reads Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I'm tired, so tired. Let's go."

At the big, slow look he gave her, she flushed quickly. "Oh, don't think I can't write up the story for you! I shan't fail; I could have written it without ever leaving my desk."

"I wasn't thinking of that," returned Jarnede, very gravely. "Come, let's walk on."

Lucia misunderstood his tone, and a deeper stain went over her neck and face. Her shoulders went back, deep anxiousness sought him from her eyes.

"What must you think of me!" she exclaimed with taut arms. "But the change from the office to this cool out-of-doors unloosed my tongue—oh, what must you think!"

"About that last blunder, now." His voice was off-hand. "Did you mean it—marrying Heldon?"

"No!" Lucia's tone was forcible. Then it drooped. "Only sometimes—and since I've laid my soul flat in your eyes I might as well continue—sometimes in the heat and clatter I think—'If you only lift your eyes to—to this man with the green shade and mongrel paste cup, why—coolness, quiet, peace—forever and ever!'"

"I wonder. But you've never lifted 'em?'

"Not yet," sadly, but with a faint sense that there was something ludicrous in the situation.

"It's a good thing." Dr. Jarnede's face broke into smiles. "For I'm quite determined that you'll marry me."

Lucia went white, then her cheeks blazed insufferably.

Her companion stepped forward quickly. "Lucy, somehow you've managed to raise an invisible stone wall between us. I don't quite know how you've kept me away—I've scarcely seen you except at Jane's. But, dear, somehow I've a notion that once in awhile in the heat and dust two people meet and there grows the deep unspoken language of love which makes everyday overtures a bit shabby and common. And, Lucy, I may be a fool, but I've thought all these bleak winter months that you've been talking to me across the town. Am I wrong?" he ended simply.

Stormy tears rushed to Lucia's eyes.

"You pity me!" she cried, "and you shan't! I didn't tell you about myself for your pity! Oh, can't you understand? It was the change from the hot office to this coolness. Now you have taken advantage of me—oh, I hate you!"

The man thrust his hands deeper into his pockets. Then he took them out, strode over to the girl and caught her thin wrists.

"Lucy, I tell you I love you."

"You are chivalrous," said Lucia, in a tired little voice, "but let us go back to town."

There was a rustle behind the wild crab clump, and Jane, surprised and hesitating, finally came forward in her cool green gown.

"I came by the field path," she explained, "for Harriet."

Then, for the first time in her life, Jane misread a situation. She laid her hand lightly on Lucia's shoulder.

"Vincent told me last night he hoped to bring me a sister Lucy," she said simply. "I am very, very glad."

And, smiling-eyed, she went with her straight young steps up the slope.

Lucia's face was transfigured. "Harriet isn't there," she said softly to herself. "Oh, you did mean to ask me before I told you all those things to-day?"

"I did," sa'd the doctor steadily. "Will you marry me, Lucy?"

"Can you even respect me after—after what I told you about Mr. Heldon?"

"Dear, I know you well enough to know you would never make that mistake."

Lucia, with a little tender motion, leaned forward and buried her face in the doctor's coat.

"I always felt, I always really knew, away down deep, that I must blunder upon something sweet and good at last," she whispered, "but, ah, Vincent, I never dreamed of you!"

NIGHT RAIN IN THE CITY

BY W. D. NESBIT

A WHISPER, then a murmur, then a song,
A monotone that fades away, then swells
Into a deep, rich chord that soars along
As mellowly as blended tones of bells.
A gentle sound it is, a soothing strain
That lulls us till in comfort we forget
What day has given us of toil or pain,
What day has left with us of fear or fret.

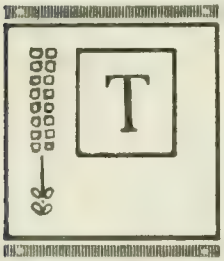
As some gray curtain drawn around and down,
The rain sways in long folds, and shuts us in,
And hides the distant glitter of the town,
And hushes all the clamor and the din.
It softly taps against the glass, in time
With the low, throbbing melody it weaves
To meet the half-unconsciously heard chime
That drips in dulcet measure from the eaves.

And where the lights gleam, yonder, in the street,
The world is shot with falling silver threads
That melt in silver rivulets and meet
The streams that plash in molten silver beds;
The trees are laced with silver, and the wires
Flash with the sheerest silver radiance,
And in the street a myriad silver fires
Leap up and laugh in their unceasing dance.

Davis of the Cypress Hills

A REMINISCENCE OF SITTING BULL

By C. L. Armstrong



TALL, broad-shouldered and erect, with the strong, well-marked face of a great general, Sitting Bull, the greatest of Sioux chiefs, who out-generalled Custer, of the United States army, and killed him and his force in a bloody battle on the Little Big Horn, was a man whom anyone would point out as a leader at first sight. Such is the recollection of him that remains in the mind of William Davis, now carpenter at the provincial buildings in Victoria, but formerly, like H. H. Nash, usher at the same institution, a member of the first organized body of North West Mounted Police sent into the Canadian wilderness to maintain law and order among savages and outlaws.

Perched among the shavings on his bench the other day, his eyes turned backward over the intervening years, Davis told of the stirring days when the bloody-handed Sioux fled across the border with the reeking scalps of Custer's men. Davis was then attached to a troop of fifty police stationed at Cypress Hills, near the American border, under command of Col. Walsh. The police post was situated in a deep valley circled by high hills and it consisted of a collection of chinked-log buildings surrounded by a ten-foot stockade constructed of upended timbers left unchinked. As Davis recalls it now, he says it was more of a death-trap than a protection, because an attacking party needed only to rush up under cover of the stockade outside, shove their rifles through the chinks and blaze away, while the force inside, like rats in a trap, could not retreat if it wanted to.

With their base at this post Walsh's troop patrolled day by day the immense wild country tributary to Cypress Hills. They awed the Canadian Indians, struck terror to the heart of outlaws and whiskey traders and rounded up horse and cattle rustlers, either driving them across the boundary amid a rain of bullets or capturing and incarcerating them in the prison at Stony Mountain.

One day away back in the seventies, breathless Blackfeet scouts came to the police post at Cypress Hills with the startling news that the whole American army had been wiped out to the south and that the terrible Sioux were hitting the trail northward for the boundary.

This news could not fail to produce some uneasiness among the handful of red-coated troopers who, although they had no other thought than to stand their ground and put up a bold front, come what might, felt very dubious as to the outcome when a thousand or more Sioux, with the blood-lust strong in them, flooded the boundary country. Scouts were thrown out to give word of the approach of Sitting Bull's warriors, and the daily routine of the post

was carried on quite as usual, single constables riding far and wide doing their duty, despite all the redskins on the plains. Then, over night and as silently as the stars, the Sioux invaded the Cypress Hills, and when morning broke the smoke from their camp fires rose in the clear air from the ridge of hills completely surrounding the little police post. Tips of tepees appeared above the trees, and the sight was ominous to the little troop of police in the valley below. Colonel Walsh decided that a bold stroke without delay was imperative, and, mounting every available man, he rode at the head of his small force into the Sioux camp. He sought out Sitting Bull for a pow-wow. The Sioux chief was reticent and surly at first, but the Canadian officer told him through an interpreter that while he sojourned in Canada he must respect the laws and behave himself or disaster would come to him and his warriors, they would be hunted as the coyote is hunted, driven from bluff to bluff, from slough to slough until not one of them remained.

Sitting Bull heard this ultimatum in silence. Then, drawing himself up and stretching his arm out to indicate the wide range, he said, in a few words, that the Sioux were not at war with their white brothers of Canada, that they came as peaceful men with no malice in their hearts, and that they would respect the laws of the white men.

This assurance lifted a great load from the minds of the police. As it was delivered the alert, watchful little troop of red-coats was lost in a sea of silent, gaudily-dressed braves, armed to the teeth and with the marks of the Custer massacre still upon them. Knowing full well that at a single signal from Sitting Bull they would be wiped out within five minutes, the constables joked with the Sioux braves as they sat their horses, laughed and chatted among themselves, and never once betrayed the least token of fear. At the same time, more than one apparently carelessly held carbine had the drop on Sitting Bull's heart and had he given the signal, he himself would have been the first to fall.

But Sitting Bull was true to his word and spoke with a single tongue, and during the period of his sojourn he and his braves were always friendly and well-behaved. The police and the Sioux became good friends, and many a wild night of dancing and feasting Davis and his comrades put in with the men of Sitting Bull's army. Two pounds of tea apiece, given over to the squaws, made the policemen welcome guests for a night, and so friendly did the police and the Sioux become that, far from giving trouble, the Sioux often rendered the police valuable assistance. However, Sitting Bull himself, while he participated occasionally in the revels, held aloof for the most part, and the police were not deceived as to the real motive behind his policy of friendliness. They knew that the wily old chief realized that it would never do for him to antagonize the military on both sides of the line at the same time. But for this it is very likely he would have murdered the police force at Cypress Hills without compunction, for he was ever bitter in his hatred of and contempt for the white man.

Nothwithstanding the professed friendship of the Sioux, Colonel Walsh was too good an Indian fighter to be entirely off his guard. He never ceased to watch and to have scouts tally the movements of the Sioux. The police men soon became proficient in the Sioux sign language so that they could talk with the Indians. This sign language was very interesting, and Davis recalls to-day having met a small hunting party of Sioux, mounted on restless little buckskins, setting forth from the hills. He stopped them, and with signs asked where they were going. The leader of the party swept his arm outward towards the plains and said, gutturally:

"Wa-ho, mini-ton-ka, pony comet, mush-toosh!"

This enlightening piece of information was rendered perfectly intelligible by accompanying signs. The "wa-ho" was suited to a wide, free sweep of the arm indicating plainly "far away." "Mini-ton-ka," Davis knew, meant "big lake" or "big water"; "pony

comet" was the Sioux jargon word for "fast horse," and this word was accompanied by a sign made by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand over the left wrist in the position of a man astride a horse. "Mushtoosh" was the word for "bison," and it was further illuminated by placing the hands against the sides of the forehead to represent horns.

Davis interpreted the sentence at once. The party was going far out on the plains, by the big lake, on horseback to hunt buffalo.

It was in 1877 that Davis was transferred to Fort McLeod, in the province of Alberta, where the police were in command of Colonel McLeod, a very efficient officer, and it was in this year that Davis took part in the making of the first great treaty with the Blackfeet. Governor Laird, the old pioneer ruler who, until last year was in charge of the Indian Office at Winnipeg, but who is now resident at Ottawa, conducted the treaty, and Colonel McLeod led a guard of one hundred mounted police as an escort for the governor. The Blackfeet, many hundreds of them, came under the chieftainship of Crowfoot, as bad an old cuss as the whole country boasted. The meeting took place at Bow River Crossing in a deep, wide valley, and the sight presented there while the treaty was being made will never be seen again, not though all the wild west shows that ever were organized could be banded together in an amphitheatre made up of all the biggest show halls of the world.

Crowfoot had been reconciled to the treaty-making with extreme difficulty, and the police were wary and suspicious when the meeting took place. They suspected the old chief from the very start, and, as was shown afterwards, they had good cause. It was learned, years later, that Crowfoot had sent emissaries to Sitting Bull at Cypress Hills imploring him to join with the Blackfeet in killing off the whites at Bow River Crossing when they met to pay treaty. This was to have been followed by a general murderous sweeping of the whole country. However, old Sitting Bull had declined with scorn, because of his policy of friendship with the white men in Canada, but probably equally because of the long-standing, deep-seated enmity that existed between the Sioux nation and the Blackfeet.

The ceremonies attendant upon the payment of three years' treaty money lasted for three weeks. The big valley, a mile and a half wide and six miles long, was a blaze of color and a-dance with activity. The Blackfeet camp extended from end to end, and at the open end of the valley, in a commanding position and protective of the governor's camp, the police escort was established. The police were never off their guard during the whole three weeks, and every move of the Indians was watched with suspicion. The redskins had decked themselves in their most gaudy attire, and the four thousand of them made a wonderful sight. Davis recalls that there were at least eight thousand dogs attached to the Indian camp, and these curs made every night a delirium.

To feed the host of redskins and whites during the three weeks great quantities of supplies were required, including herds of several thousand head of cattle. The greatest menace to the safety of the whites and a constant source of trouble for the police was the presence of a small army of Yankee whiskey traders, who took the treaty money from the Indians in return for sulphurous liquor as fast as it was paid out. When the redmen had assimilated a little of this fiery beverage they began to recall the glory of their fathers and the magnificent traditions of their race, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest tact that the police prevented trouble from arriving in large chunks. One of the most valuable assets the police force possessed in this maintenance of law and order was a brace of nine-pounder guns, the usefulness of which they demonstrated frequently by shooting at targets. The effect of these pieces produced a very desirable sensation of awe in every Blackfoot heart. However, to return the compliment and offset the glory of the white men, the war whoops organized a grand fandango to finish up the meeting. When

preparations for this affair were under way the police were positive that the crisis was at hand. They scented a blind in the proposed war dance and sham fight, and they were prepared for real hostilities at any time. To this day no man can say whether old Crowfoot organized that fandango in good faith or not, but the fact remains that he was given small opportunity to start anything, and the affair passed off peacefully.

Davis says he will never forget the thing as long as he lives. The Indians decked themselves in fighting garb and full war paint, and the affair began with a war dance. Hooting, yelping, slashing right and left at the air, firing rifles and revolvers, hundreds of hideous, grotesque bucks as wild as the Gadarene swine, circled about a central point. Silent, watching every movement with nerves steeled to any emergency, convinced that the signal would come at any moment, the Mounted Police watched the awe-inspiring war dance of the Blackfeet.

Following the war dance the Indians held a sham fight, and if there was anything of savagery, of fear-inspiring weirdness, wanted in the war dance it was thoroughly atoned for in the sham fight. Throughout this again the police were watching like hawks for, friendly as they professed to be, the redskins were in full war regalia and ready at an instant's signal to fall upon the whites. However, the dance and the sham fight passed without dangerous developments, and the treaty was completed in peace.

Mr. Davis has a fund of reminiscences of the early days, each fraught with adventure and danger. Many a time he has walked hand in hand with death, but he came safe through every adventure and is hale and hearty to-day, an interested spectator of the march of progress across the wide plains where once he saw the countless bison roaming, the prairie schooner of the whiskey trader trekking from camp to camp, the flitting horse thief and the roving bands of Indians.

THE LARK'S SONG

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

ONCE, in the dark
Listening long,
I heard a lark
Break into song—

But ere the Sun
Came, the Day-bringer,
The song was done—
Silent the singer.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE MONTH OF GHOSTS

Now is the time when we love to listen to the hollow sighs
Through the half-leafless wood that breathes the gale
For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale
Oft seems to fleet before the Poet's eyes;
Strange sounds are heard and mournful melodies
As of night-wanderers who their sins bewail.

NOVEMBER is to the wandering Pedlar the ghostliest, most spiritual month of all the year. There is a message in the uproar of the winds in the forests, and, as in the ear of a shell, one hears again the deep surge of the sea that beats upon the rocks on the wild lonely western coast of the most beautiful isle in the world. If ever my dead will come back to me it will be on some November night when the sea is roaring up from the shore, and the beeches and elms are locking branches in a place that my heart remembers.

The raths are no longer green, but the Sheogs dance their dance of eternal youth and beauty as when I was little and saw them in visions. The old shoemaker, the Leprechaun, is tapping behind the hedge, mending fairy slippers made of shamrock leaves and butter cups, and the evil gnome, the Phouka, is abroad destroying the late blackberries. The larches that fringe the broad lawn are bending and waving the sign of the cross, and in the hedges the wren is shivering, for her fate draws near when the mummers will dance round her little dead brown body on Boxing Day uttering such incantations as only a Celtic soul may understand.

Here in strong, young, practical Canada we have none of the ancient superstitions which are really the poesy of a race condensed in legend! We are bright, commercial, industrial—and filled with hope. We are of to-day's date—the first of November, 1912—noisy, divinely clamorous for the good things of Science and earth, far-seeing, and busy as Maeterlinck's bees. But since the soul that is sheltered in its clumsy material overalls in every living body has its moments of spiritual yearning, we are not without our aspirations towards the diviner things—art, music, and the exquisite, if vague longings of the spirit. The age may be scientific, practical—it will always be leavened with spiritual desire. Art, which is our earthly struggle towards Heaven, will increase, not decline. And rightly, since it is our guerdon of immortality. Recently a writer—the cleverest living writer in his class—I allude to the brilliant reviewer, H. L. Mencken,

advances as his philosophy of life, the thesis that, "Life is meaningless, that it has no purpose, that its so-called lessons are balderdash"—that this is "the capital discovery of our day and generation—the one supreme truth that must eventually revise and condition every other truth." Alas!

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

But can we accept this stoical doctrine? We, with the vision of our poets, with our humble, everyday sufferings, our amazing hope, our patient endeavour, our terrible longing to meet again—somewhere—those silent ones under the earth? Such longing needs to be assuaged—somewhere—and if it be mere "superstition" which keeps alive in a human soul even the whimsy of fairy love, why demand that a little weakness which is half human, half divine, is something which in a practical and scientific age should be sternly eliminated?

To consider it, is half acceptance of it—this doctrine of a purposeless, aimless, fruitless existence—wherefore so many of us tie the bandage over our reason, and hear in the windy sighs of drear November the whisperings across the barriers of Death, and listen to the light dancing of the fairies on some green, remembered rath.

SUFFRAGETTE AND FEMINISM

THE author of "Women Adrift," a remarkable piece of writing, by the way, has drawn on him the acid pen of the Suffragette militant. It was Sir Alymroth Wright who began it. This medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that women, because of certain sex difficulties, could never be depended upon to exercise calm judgment or logical reasoning. His allusion was of course directed towards women about to become mothers, and to those undergoing the terrible period called the climacteric. He, judging from his everyday practice and observation, offered his testimony to the fact that at times women were not in a condition to—conduct affairs—if I may so put it. Now no woman will allow this to another. She may allow it to herself—but whether she does or does not, it is perfectly true that at certain times in her life, *woman does not see true.* This is not to imply—in the faintest manner—that women are not sane. They are very sane. And very wise. But there are times when our vision—to say the least of it—is crossed, or what is commonly called "crosseyed." Patient creatures we are. Why not? Ours the burden of bearing and birth. Vain? Perhaps. Vain in little ways—hardly in the large ways of men. A soreness has arisen among our sex—it always existed, but silently—against what for ages has been represented as man's superiority. He is not superior; he is complementary—there are places in his mental make-up which are left unfinished, so to say, and which the feminine complement fits perfectly. I could never grasp the fact (?) that man was superior to woman save perhaps in physical strength and evenness of mind. Naturally, being the stronger he made captive, and in old days chattel, of the weaker sex. But he cannot do without us! Nor we without him. A sexless man or woman is a monstrosity—a sin against Nature. We must obey the common law. If we do not we are punished—and in a hard, stark way. You cannot buck Nature. She is rigid in her demands; she makes you pay to the last farthing—and heavy interest besides. What, then?

FEMINISM ATTACKED

IN two able articles by Owen, Feminism is attacked. The Suffragette—the ordinary, good matronly woman who is desirous of taking a hand in political affairs mainly to "help the women and children," is, —according to our author—held in some contempt by your true Feminist who aims to abolish mar-

riage, establish free love, equal morality (or immorality) and hold the latch key of Life, in fact, irrespective of old-fashioned decencies and modesties. The Feminist accuses the matronly Suffragette of "giving the whole show away" by her candid and courageous revelation of what the woman's movement means to her. "Hush, you indiscreet person!" whispers sibilantly the Feminist. "We don't want to tell them everything!"

And the matronly Suffragette stares and gasps, "Good gracious! What *do* you mean?"

"I mean," says Madame Feministe, "that the vote means nothing unless it means woman's equality with man all along the line, and that complete equality with man means playing ducks and drakes with marriage, home, wifehood and motherhood." Poor, patient Motherhood! Do you think for a moment, Madame Feministe, that any living mother does not understand to its limit the meaning of motherhood—its aches and disappointments and unswerving love and faith!

One could pity the Feminist with her latch key.

"HUSH, YOU INDISCREET PERSON!" WHISPERS SIBILANTLY THE FEMINIST, "WE DON'T WANT TO TELL THEM EVERYTHING"

AM I?

"BUT you are old—you are conservative—you are old-fashioned — you do not understand!" I hear you, Feministe, Madame or M'selle. I am neither old, or conservative, or old-fashioned. Neither am I young. I can toddle about, thank you, and even "take notice," like the dear ten months old baby. And I have grown—and lost—my foolish teeth, which you, not Nature, call wisdom. The Suffragette demands the vote. She will be here in a moment to hornet Mr. Borden. The Feminist demands sex revolution. The great cry seems to be that the wife stands on the same footing as the "kept" mistress. Poor soul! she is not half

so well off—save in name and honor. These she has, though perhaps not the diamond rings and furs. Generally the wife—in the case of the Other Woman—is shabby. But she has what Gloriana can never have. Neither holds the latch key, though Gloriana can always choose—what the Feminist demands—the fathers of her children.

The Vote ?—why certainly. Feminism ?—I hope, never.

Women are the weaker. Think, if the lid of the world's morality were cast into Hades—of where woman, the weaker vessel, would bring up. Hell, we are told, is paved with good intentions. In this event it would be paved with the delicate china fragments of women's souls.

. . . . . .

NOT SUICIDE

SUICIDE, so-called with us, does not hold the same meaning in Japan. Especially is this so among the Samurai or warrior class to which General Nogi belonged. The sacrifice of life on the altar of loyalty and love of country was quite as sacred a ceremony as that in which Abraham offered up his only son Isaac in sacrifice to Jehovah—a sacrifice which was not accepted. No such miracle as that of the Old Testament stayed the hands of the devoted Nogi and his wife. For him, the greatest military general Japan has produced, it was the thrust with the little Japanese hand sword. For his wife, it was the more serious, as more sacred, hari-kiri—we spell it, "harikari" in one jumbled word, just as we call the ancient rite a barbaric "ripping of the abdomen." The abdomen is, in Shintoism, the abode in the human where the soul dwells. In our Scriptures we find frequent mention of the "bowels" of God's mercy.

What do we know of the Japanese Bushido ? We only know that the slender dark-eyed men—the race, by the way, that Collier in his "West in the East" censures rather harshly, are quiet, stoical, of amazing courage in face of death. Nor are they fatalists. They are men who know not fear, or the terror of pain, or death—which to them as to some of us, means translation to happier shores. And if extinction, why fear ? Why not the long and dreamless sleep of God's Beloved ? Why fear ? Why not a courage that is immortal because it endures ? And if life hereafter, and the music of which here we get but a strain which once heard echoes in the deeps of the human heart, even so, what then ? Joys eternal, or sleep eternal. What would you have ?

OUR BIGGEST ASSET IS OUR HARDY WINTER WEATHER

. . . . . .

AUSTRALIA VERSUS CANADA

AUSTRALIAN stock seems to be booming. Rather than stock should I say immigration. We are told that the best of the "British breed"—than which none is finer—is emigrating to Australia. No sooner said than denied. Therefore there are floating accounts. If you believe Sir John Reid, Ambassador, and genial visitor to our International Exhibition held in September at Toronto—the Australian climate is unrivalled. It is the most splendid—the one perfect climate of this unworthy world. It has not our snows—bless them !—our biggest asse

is our clear, snapping hardy winter when the red-cheeked youngsters are sliding and snowballing and skating and ice-boating. Only the older Canadians fuss over our winter weather. They shudder and shiver and curse the braciest climate in the world—as they hug the fire. But back in their souls, which are hidden under the fat and tissue of wearing circumstance and large appetite, they will acknowledge—if you probe deeply—that our winter weather is of the healthiest and cheeriest there is. We all grow older and old. But always behind us the new generation is leaping and skipping.

Apart from this, however, it is insisted on that Canada does not get the best class of immigrants because the Australian Government bonuses the people who come out there. This has been denied. The truth, apparently has not been arrived at. My own opinion is that Australia is vying with us in the matter of immigration. Canada is a workshop. We promise golden things—great opportunities. We have these—but only for the men and women who seek them through work. There is nothing for nothing in this world; you have to serve, to work for every cent you make. Be the land golden or tin to which you come, you can pick neither gold nor tin up on its streets. Life means effort. Without effort comes the quick finish which spells death, or a poverty which is of itself a shame.

"I ALWAYS KNEW THAT HE HAD," SAID GRANDMOTHER, WIDEAWAKE AND SITTING UP IN BED

A weekly twin-paper, John Bull and Mary—feigns to belittle Canada, but all that is trivial. The sun of Canada rides high in the skies of the world. We need not get domed heads over it, since we did not make it, but We, Us & Co., may thank our stars that we belong to this great teeming busy hive of the world where everyone who counts is glad to work and thankful to have the work to do.

And don't knock the Old Breed. It made the red and the blue and the white of the flag. It is a bull-dog breed—and it is the breed from which comes the Canadian-born.

. . . . . .

HAUNTED HOUSES

ONE there is, no less startling a figure than that of Doctor Robert Hugh Benson, who advances in a recent issue of the Dublin Review a—to say the least of it—extraordinary theory as to ghosts. *En bref*, his idea is that in rooms where murder has been committed, the furniture, chairs, sofas, even the curtains, retain impressions of the crime, in such a curious telepathic manner that they have the uncanny power of re-impressing their tragic experience on the minds of some persons. To wit, you, my friend, have occasion to sleep in a room where once a murder was committed. You are unaware of that fact. You perchance, fall asleep. Then come dreams. The frightful scene is again enacted. You awake, see shadows chasing around your bed-post—hear a dismal moan,

and—lie awake for the rest of the night. Telepathy, friend. How dost like the advances of Science—?

. . . . . .

MY GHOST

ONCE I saw a ghost. He stood at the foot of my grandmother's bed, and *he had no face* !

Gran was asleep—sound—and snoring in that gentle manner which may best be described as "pop-pop-poping" and whistling. The ghost—I was little, and chattering as to teeth—aimed a dreadful finger at me. He wagged it slowly up and down. I watched that bony finger until I grew cross-eyed, yet ever it waved. Then somehow the figure grew a face, and the face was Jimmy's—the stable boy, —and Jim was grinning. "Shure," says he, "isn't it the little bay mare you'll be taking out the day—the pony-mare that can leap every boghole the divvle ever split in the bog ?" And then it was "me," with, "An' is it a face you have ! Sure I dreamed you hadn't any face at all !"

And then the Ghost changed. And he was Grandfather and he had two faces. . . . . Well, I'll be saying goodbye, for nobody at all, at all, could describe the horror of that ghost, nor the screeching of the wild little creature who caught Grandmother by her thin little knob of white hair, and, shaking and trembling cried out to the shocked old lady that she had been talking to Grandfather and he had two faces.

"I always knew he had," said Grandmother as solemnly as if intoning prayer. "I always," she insisted, wide-awake, and sitting up in bed—"knew that he had."

BLOOD-BROTHERS

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

ALONG the white road, light of heart,
We tramped by moonlight far,
The pine-woods whispering at our backs,
Unwatched by moon or star,

Our cigarette-lights the one glow,
Our heart-beats our steps' tune—
Then, through the careless clouds arift,
The pale November moon.

One searching cry, high, lonely, far;
One glimpse of the sheering V;
But we had seen our brothers drive,
Strong-winged, for the distant sea.

JOY IN SORROW

BY JOHN A. LINGE

IN the heart of a mighty city,
Confronting a splendid square;
There stands a sacred edifice,
A holy house of prayer.

O many and many a thousand,
Have passed through those portals dim,
For a taste of sweet rest and quietude,
Away from the city's din.

See, here are two young people,
With solemn face and air:
Oh, what can have caused their looks of care?
And why have they entered here?

Has not this mighty city,
With its streets so bright and gay,
Enough to fill their hearts with joy
And to cheer them on their way?

But, see they kneel in humble prayer,
Though never a word they speak:
And the sunbeams play on the girl's bright hair,
While she feels that her heart must break.

The boy's heart, too, is filled with pain,
As he clasps her hand in his:
And together they pray to the heavenly King
To sustain them by His grace.

For the boy is going across the sea
Five thousand miles and more,
To the wondrous country of broad prairie,
Great Western Canada.

"Thy will be done," cries the maiden fair,
"Thy will be done," sighs the boy:
And e'en as they pray, the looks of care
Give place to a look of joy.

For "great consolation" is brought to them,
By the word of their Gracious Lord;
"Not as the world gives, give I to them,
But My peace," the peace of the Lord.

Without, the city still rushes on,
With a roar that seems never to cease:
But within they are feeling the Presence of One
Who grants them His word of Peace.

* * * * * *

Resigned to His will, they rise to their feet,
And reverently depart;
But those solemn hours of communion sweet,
Leave their trace on each youthful heart.

The Musical Laboring Class

By Jeanne Jomelli

Illustrated with Photograph

MME. JEANNE JOMELLI

SUPPOSE the chorus should go on strike? Awful thought! Yet it is one that has always been in my mind and with it came the picture of the disgust of the public, the rage of the artists, the horror of the management, so when the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House did go on strike not so very long ago, when the management decided not to accede to their demands and gave opera without a chorus, I was glad to be singing in concert, where this most essential element was not part of the equipment.

Opera without chorus, where so written and intended, is like salad without oil or vinegar. Yet, it is a sad fact that the least appreciated, the hardest workers are the chorus people. Soloists have instruction in roles in which they are to appear, in the way of coaches, with days between performances. Not so the chorus. Individually, they really do not exist. Collectively, they are a most wonderful body of people, working without praise, with little comfort and small salaries. That they should strike for appreciation, for the credit due to their most difficult work and accomplishment, is quite understandable to one whose knowledge of their daily grind, their loyal support is sufficient to explain anything of the situation. For theirs is the task of collective effort, and the slightest mistake throws the whole result into chaos.

And how much depends upon them, only those can say whose work is along the line of operatic career.

The prima donna, for instance, is able to give thought and study to her own role, for with a coach, hours are spent in its preparation before an opera is rendered. The chorus is taken through the music without mercy, while the prima donna may rest when fatigued, because the voice must be spared. But the chorus?

Who cares what becomes of the voices of the chorus?

In fact, what does become of them? No one can answer, yet there is little question that each and every one is

giving of his or her best, perhaps with greater love for this greatest of arts than those more fortunately placed.

Naturally, there is no belief in the minds of this wonderful class of people, (which might be termed the Musical Laboring Class), that the chorus is to be the limit of their ambition. At first, no doubt, they think it is only for the opportunity that they must grasp at this opening in the operatic world and that soon they will be recognized and advanced; later, there is only the latent hope to sustain them that "a chance may come sometime," then this dies and they slowly grow content with things as they are. For it is a remarkable fact that few voices survive the work of the chorus and are ever heard in roles of importance. At least, in the past few seasons, no record of such an occurrence is in evidence.

Ambitious young singers, with the necessity for expression, which is the impelling power of every human soul, with fresh, clear voices, perhaps beautiful ones, are lost to all hope of individuality in the chorus, yet it is a schooling that one finds of the greatest value, if opportunity to advance be also present.

The artists which make up the ensemble of a grand opera company are remembered by the multitudes to whom they sing, but the chorus, what is their reward? Long hours of tedious rehearsals, perhaps a word of praise from the chorus masters, or a look from the Gardens or the Carusos,—a poor monument for the far more difficult work they have done for the enjoyment of the audiences.

Therefore, I am most heartily glad to express myself as obligated to the chorus in far greater degree than to any other support, and if appreciation of their efforts, always sincerely honest, is of any moment to them, then here's to the chorus! May their efforts be lauded, may some far-seeing critic arise who shall acclaim them as they deserve, may their purposeful lives be rewarded by the happiest fate that they could wish or imagine, may they each and every one reach the highest positions possible in their labor in the field of music.

LILITH

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I HAVE no right to make or mar—
None, dear, for you.
None to be shield or sword or star,
Just to keep silent bolt and bar
Over my heart for you.

I have no right to touch, to kiss—
None, dear, at all.
None to share pain or shame or bliss,
None to be glad or sad. Just this—
To have no rights at all.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

AN Italian organ grinder possessed a monkey which he "worked" through the summer months. When the cool days of the fall came his business fell off, and he discontinued his walks and his melodies. An Irishman of his acquaintance offered him ten cents a day for the privilege of keeping and feeding the little beast. The bargain was made for a month. Great curiosity filled the mind of the Italian, and at last, unable to restrain himself, he went ostensibly to see his pet, but really to find what possible use Pat could make of a monkey. The Irishman was frank. "It is loike this," he said: "Oi put a pole in me back yard, with the monk on the top. Tin or twelve thrains of cars loaded with coal go by every evenin'. There's thramps on every car. Every wan takes a heave at the monk. Divil a wan has hit him, but Oi have seventeen tons of coal."

WHY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF DRAWING RUN AROUND IN A CIRCLE AND BLEAT LIKE SHEEP

THE following definitions and answers were selected from the test papers of a first-class city high school, after the students had had a year of free-hand drawing:

PERSPECTIVE

1. Perspective is showing the relation of one object to another used in making a stool's legs.

2. Perspective is what we appear to draw on a picture plane.

3. Perspective shows an object disappearing.

4. Perspective is to look at anything through a small piece of glass.

5. Perspective are things that gets away from you. (To which last definition the teacher in private gave a mark of 100% plus.)

SHADOW

1. A shadow is the shape of an object when light is cast on it.

2. A shadow is light cast upon the background or on the object on which it is standing.

3. A shadow is dark light cast from the object it follows.

4. Shadow is the cast-off shade of an object.

5. The shadow is a dark mast that throws from the object upon the table line while the is only the way the lighth fall upon the object. The width of the shadow is dermined by the wide of the shade. The table line is a line separating the background from the object. (sic.)

ATOMIZER

1. Atomizer is a vessell from which you may squirt such things as fixative on a paper, or other things.

2. The anatomizer is an insterment used for dissecting liquor into sprey.

FORESHORTENING

1. Foreshortening is an eraser, I guess.

2. Foreshortening is erasing anything when it is too tall.

ELLIPSE

1. An ellipse is the part you see about the eye.

2. Ellipses is plural and is used when anything has a base.

3. Ellipse is obleek circle banded by——

4. Ellipse is a circle drawn around an object to show that it is round.

HORIZONTAL

1. Horizontal means slanting.

2. Horizontal is the line that is formed by the horizon or a curved line.

3. Horizontal is a round curve.

PERPENDICULAR

Perpendicular are things that go up and down.

PARALLEL

Paralelle is a line drawn from left to wright.

PLUMB-LINE

Plum-line is a weigh in using to measure the features of people.

A plump-line is a piece of led tide to a string. (sic.)

CHAMOIS-SKIN

A shammy skin is a cloth of the shammy animal which is used for erasing and other purposes.

CAST

1. Cast is something which has shape and is to draw.

2. Cast is the head or body of somebody.

3. Cast is a verb denoting what the object does, as "casts a shadow."

4. A caste is made of plast a paris.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF DRAWING

1. The educational value of drawing is that it helps the learner to know the way things are really so. Drawing has other connections with science, because you find the right way of which things really are, such as how wide, tall, and where certain things are really so. And it also connects in arithmetic.

2. Art helps us in selecting color schemes for luncheons.

3. Drawing is of educational value because it makes you see the good traits of an object, and be able to tell whether it is did correctly or not.

PORTFOLIO

A portfolio is a thing used to conceal drawings.

CONVENTIONALIZATION

1. Conventionalizing is taking a natural form and misshaping it to fill a given space.

2. Conventionalization is the illimination of all forms and shapes of nature, made to fit a geometric space.

THE POSTMASTER'S IDEA OF IT

THE International Harvester Co., recently received the following letter in answer to a request for farmers' addresses:

CEDOUX, SASK., MARCH 14.

Dear Sir:—I got your letter wit the blenk to fylop adreses of the people in this dis what I Say if yo wil give 2 cents from avery adrese I will rite you al the adreses of people in this C Setlement bot dont think that I will do that for noting No Sir.

Yours truly Postmater at cedoux you dont dou noting for noting So I dont to postmaster.

BEREAVED

"YES," said Kidder, "we did have a fine family carriage horse, but we had to give it up because of a death in the family."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Bights. "Who died?"

"The horse," said Kidder.

THE TIME SHE HAD.

A LITTLE girl was so unhappy at her first party and cried so bitterly that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

"Dorothy accepted the idea," said the hostess, telling the story, "but a few minutes later, upon answering a timid ring at the door, I found Dorothy there bathed in tears.

" 'Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?'

" 'No m'm; I forgot to say I h-had such a nice time.' "